THE AMOROSE

Songes, Sonets, and Elegies:

Of M.

ALEXANDER CRAIGE,

Scoto-Britane.

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Prima velim teneris intendat amoribus ætas,
Et canat ad Cytharam nostra camena suam.

Molle meum Leuibus cor est penetrabile telis,
Et semper causa est cur ego semper amo.

Vitantur venti, pluuia, vitantur, et æstus,
Non vitatur amor, mecum tumuletur oportet.

TO
THE MOST GODLY, VERTVOVS, BEAVTIFVLL,

and accompliſhed *PRINCESSE*, meritoriouſly dignified with all the Titles Religion, Vertue, Honor, Beautie can receiue, challenge, afforde, or deſerue; *ANNA*, by diuine prouidence, of *Great Britane*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Queene: ALEXANDER CRAIGE wiſheth all health, wealth, and royall felicitie.

GReat *Tamburlan* cloaked his fantaſticall cruelitie hee exerciſed on Lazars and Leprous men, with a fooliſhe kind of humanity, putting all he could find or heare of, to death,

(as he said) to rid them from so painefull & miserable a life: Though my Poyems (incomparably bountifull, incomparablie beautifull, and so peereleſſe Princeſſe) be painefull to me, and vnpleasant to the delicat Lector; shall I with *Tamburlan* destroy them? or like a cruell *Althea*, consume with fire the fatall Tree, kill mine owne *Meleager*, and so inhumanlie cut off mine owne birth? I gaue life to my Lines, and shall I now become their burreau? O liue my deformed Child, some other hand shall commit thee to *Phaeton* or *Deucalions* mercie, then mine: Though *Anaxagoras* resolued to die; yet for *Pericles* his Masters sake he tooke courage,

and

& saued. Your royall God-mother poore *Rymes* hath saued your life: yet am I not like *Hercules*, who threw *Ionius* in the Sea, hath by the violence of wind & waue the carkas might be caried to foraine shoares, for propagation of his fame. I hunt not for fame; nor print I those Papers for prayses, but to pleasure your Princely eyes with varietie of my vaine inuentions. *Megabysus* going to visit *Apelles* in his worke-house, stoode still a long time without speaking one word, and then began to censure of *Apelles* works: of whom he receiued this rude & nipping checke: So long as thou held thy peace, thou seemedst a wise man; but now thou hast

ſpoke, and the wotſt Boy of my Troppe thinkes thee a foole. I am bold (diuine Ladie) to borrow thy bleſſed name, to beautifie my blotted Booke; and haue ſent thoſe Poems, like *Apelles* Pictures through the world: nor doe I care (ſince it is your Princely pleaſure to protect them) the fooliſh iudgement of *Megabyſus*. *Syrannes* the Perſian Prince anſwered thoſe (who ſeemed to woonder why his negotiations ſucceeded ſo il, whē his diſcourſes were ſo wiſe) that he was onely maiſter of his Diſcourſes, but Fortune miſtris to the ſucces of his affaires. My Sonnets & Songes are (gracious Princeſſe) for the moſt part, full of complaints, ſorrow, and lamentations:

The

The reaſon is, I was maiſter of my Verſes; but Fortune Miſtris of my Rewards. When *Thetis* courted *Iupiter*, and when the *Lecedemonians* ſende Legates to the *Athenians*, they put them not in minde of the good they had done them, but of the benefites they had receiued of them. Your Maieſties munificens, and frequent benefites beſtowed vpon mee, haue headlong impelled mee to propine this worthleſſe worke to your Royall view. Happie beyonde the meaſure of my merit ſhall I bee, if I can purchaſe this portion of your Princely approbation, as to accept and entertaine theſe triuiall toyes (where your Grace ſhall ſmell Flowes to refreſh,

Hearbes to cure, and Weedes to be auoyded) in the loweſt degree of leaſt fauour. But howſoeuer, wiſhing your Highnes as many happie yeares, as there be wordes in my Verſes, and Verſes in my worthles Volume: I am

Your Maieſties moſt
obſequious Orator,

Alexander Craige,
Scoto-Britan.

Epistle generall to

Idea, Cynthia, Lithocardia, *Kala, Erantina, Lais, Pandora, Penelopæ.*

ZEuxis *painted a Childe bearing Vine clusters in his hand so perfectly, that the Fowles of the ayre were deceiued, & descended thereto in vaine: But angrie at his worke, he cry'd out, I haue painted the Clusters more liuely then the Child, and the burthen better then the bearer; for had the Child seemed as liue as the Vine Grapes, the Fowles had bin affraied at his face. I haue in these amorous* Sonets *and* Songes *matchles* Idea, *virtuous* Cynthia, *graue* Lithocardia, *sweete* Kala, *louely* Erantina, *lasciuious* Lais, *modest* Pandora, *liberall* Penelopæ, *painted my Loue; but haue (allasse) taken more paines on the Passions, then the Poyems; and more*

worke

worke on my woes, then the Verſes. But had my Lines beer ſs liuely as either they ſhould, or I wiſh they had been. No Momus affraide at the beautie of my Verſes, had preſum'd (to my diſgrace) to gather the Grapes of my Errors. Nor had I needed (which neceſsarily I muſt doe) to employ the Patrocinie of your protections. Were I an other Hercules, I could not cut off all the hiſsing heads of Hydra: & were I as perfect a Painter as Apelles, ſome ſawſie Souter ſhall cenſure aboue the Shoo. But with Agatharchus (who did all in haſte) I humbly craue at all your handes (which with all reuerence, and analogike ſeruice I kiſſe) and looke you will excuſe

Your louing, but rude
Zeuxis.

A. C. Banſa-Britan.

TO THE READER.

SMyrnean Mæonides *vsed in his delicate Poems diuers Dialects, as* Ionic, Æolic, Attic, *and* Doric: *So haue I (O courteous Reader) in this; and but alaße in this, imitate that renowned Hellenist* Homer, *in vsing the Scotish and Englisch Dialectes: the one as innated, I can not forget; the other as a ſtranger, I can not vpon the ſodaine acquire. The ſubtile Merchant placed* Æſop *in the middle betwixt* Cantor *and* Grammaticus, *that by the interpoſition of that deformed fabulator, the other two might appeare the fayrer. So haue I in middeſt of my modeſt Affections, committed to the Preſſe my vnchaſt Loue to* Lais, *that contraries by contraries, and Vertue by Vice, more cleerely may ſhine. To each (courteous Reader) that will both of this & that mixture of Ditties and Dialects, courteouſly cenſure, I am but end to the fatall end,*

A moſt louing Friend, in all poſſible imployment.

Craige.

To IDEA.

MAny times from the Table of my Chamber (matchleſſe *Idea*) haue my deareſt Friends, both by them ſelues, and my Seruant (whom I ſometimes employed to write for mee) ſtole the inuentions of my wanton vaine, thoſe amorous Ditties, ſuch as they beſt liked: and for which hauing, thereby ſerued the humour of my paſſion, I cared no more; wherein their gaine and my loſſe were all one. But now, by printing my then ſcattered, and now lately collected Scrowles (the moſt and beſt part whereof, I can not finde) I haue thought good to eaſe my ſelfe, and ſatisfie (but with the firſt, your Ladiſhip) my friendes. The noble *Romans* were from all antiquitie, accuſtomed to leaue thoſe Kinges whom they had vanquiſhed, in the poſſeſsions of their kingdomes, that Kings

by

by them made ſlaues, might be inſtruments to vprayſe the tropheis of their glorie. Thou knoweſt (Diuine *Idea*) I am thine by conqueſt; and yet thou alloweſt mee the ſeeming fruition of my libertie, while in deed I muſt pay the eternall tribute of vnfaigned Loue: For as *Carneades* the *Cyrenean* Philoſopher ſaid of *Chryſippus*; And *Chryſippus* were not, I could not bee; my beeing is by thy munificence. Take this in good part: and ſtill I reſt,

Idea's euer obleged and
vnmanumiſsible ſlaue,

Ad Ideam.

O bona non tractanda homini bona digna rapina,
Cælicolum, ſuperis o bona digna locis.

To CYNTHIA.

OFfend not, faire Dame; Though the Lines of my Picture change and varie. The World runnes on Wheeles, all things therein moove without intermission: the solide Earth, the rockes of *Caucasus*, and the *Pyramids* of *Memphis*; both with publike, and their owne motion. Constancie it selfe, is nothing but a languishing and a wauering daunce. I am a *Pamphilus*, and can not settle my obiect. And since my Loue runnes staggering with a naturall drunkennes, I pray thee (vertuous *Cynthia*) with patience peruse thole Poyems: And (as *Aristippus* layd to his man, who by the way was ouer burdened with too much money) carry what you may, and cast away the rest.

Your La. howsoeuer,
and wheresoeuer.

Ad Cynthiam.

Nil formæ naturæ tuæ, nihil astra negarunt,
Vna supercilij si tibi dempta nota.

To LITHOCARDIA.

I Feare to prefixe (Hono. Lady) to theſe few Poyems, a long Epiſtle, leaſt ſome *Diogenes* ſhould bid mee ſhut the Portes of *Munda* ere the Towne runne out. Let mee this much kindly pray, & preuaile with your La. as to vouchſafe them ſome place in the bench of your bibliothek. *Xerxes*, whoſe Armies obumbrate all *Helleſpont*, was faine in a ſmall Fiſhbote for ſafetie of his life, to flie from *Greece*. So may you at ſome idle howers deigne, and diſcende to behold my ruſticke Rymes, and kindly excuſe his errours, who ere long, hath purpoſe to preſent and pleaſe you with ſome better Poyem. Till when, and euer,

I am your La. owne.

Ad Lithocardiam.

Vt nulla e cunctis formoſa eſt fœmina tantum,
Sic nulla eſt miſero tantum adamata mihi.

To KALA.

THese Poyems are, I confesse (sweete *Kala*) vnwoorthy thy presence, and so haue more neede of thy protection: But let (as *Cicero* writes in his Epistle to *Octauius*) Confession be a medicine for Errour. Twixt *Metellus Macedonicus*, and *Scipio Africanus*, were mortall Warres: but when *Scipio* dyed, *Metellus* prayed the Citie-men to concurre, least their Walles should be ouerthrowen. Many louely iarres haue been amongst vs; but in my absence, those my Papers like Citizens of a good republike, shall all concurre to please and honor thee: And I both at home, & abrod, shall continue

Thine till death: *Craige.*

Et quanquam molli semper sis dedita amori,
Candida nulla magis, nulla proterua magis.

To LAIS.

EVery man (as Pittacus affirmeth) hath some imperfection: in mee Loue is most predominant. But as Alcibiades cut off his faire Dogs eares and tayle, & so drowe him in the market place, thatgiuing this subiect of prattle to the people, they might not meddle with his other actions. So haue I presumed to publish these my castrat Rimes vnder (ô lasciuicius Lais) thy protection, that my chaster Verses may appeare lesse faulty. Antinonides the Musitian, gaue order, that before or after him, some bad Musitian shou'd cloy and surfet his auditors. So when the Lector shall be weary to ouerread these lubricke Lynes, hee shall with more alacrity consider and ouerlooke the rest. And thus were not herby I minded to beautifie my other Poyems, I could gladly consent, that all those Lynes of Lais, were ouerwhelmed in oblivion, I glory not (God knowes) in my frailty: and more for emulation, then imitation, are these Songes foorthsent to the view of the censuring world. And thus nor craving, nor carefull of thy acceptance, O Lais, I cease to serue, or more

to be Thine.

O miseri quorum gaudia crimen habent:
Dum furtiua dedit nigra munuscula nocte,
Me tenet, absentes alios suspirat amores.

B.

To ERANTINA.

IT is a wounderfull delight I take to liue in Loue; it is euer at my heart, and most in my mouth: and such assistaunce it giueth to my life, that it seemes the best munition I haue found in this humane peregrination. The Disciples of *Hegesias*, hunger starued them selues to death, incensed thereunto with the perswading discourses of his lessons, til the time King *Ptolomey* forbade him any longer to entertaine his Schoole with such murtherous preceptes. Though I weare the howers of the day, and waste the dayes of my life in Loue: I muse, I roue, and walke: I enregister my humors and my passions. Let none be entised by my example: for I am borne to loue, and to die

Thy Louer.

O quid dura tuum sic me contemnis amantem,
Neglectumq; tuas despicis ante fores:
Frigida sæuit Hyems immitis et ingruit æther,
Exclusum pateris me tamen esse foris.

To PANDORA.

THE very same Sonets which at some time pleased you (modest *Pandora*) with much more courtesie and honour, then they, or I, any way deserued, to receiue and reade, I haue (but without alteration or change) heere placed and reduced in a solide bodie. When *Babilon* was besidged by *Darius*, the number of Women was so great, the Captaine commaunded euery man to choose one; which beeing accordingly performed, the rest were put to death, that their victuals might the longer endure. Hadst thou been there, and I Captaine of the *Babilonic*, armie, thou shouldst been first of all thy sexe selected to been saued. Pardon (peereless *Pan-*

dora) the perſeuerance of my preſumption, in ſtill affecting thee: and for my ſake peruſe theſe Sonets, which may happily continue ſome dayes and yeares after mee: That ſince I could not be beloued being on-life, I may with deſperat *Heroſtratus*, be famous after death: Till when (as *Socrates* ſayd) as I may, I am

Thy vnalterable man,

Ah nicquam potuj lachrymis, aut fletibus vllis,
Efficere vt nobis mitior ipſa fores:
Hoc nocuit miſero ſeruiſſe fidelior vnj,
Hoc nocuit tanta ſemper amaſſe fide.

To PENELOPÆ.

ANtiochus in his youth, writ vehemently in prayse of the *Academie*; but beeing old, hee chaunged copie, and writ as violently against it. While I am young, I must write of, and for Loue; and I must goe, because I cannot stande still: I am like the rowling Stone which neuer stayes, till it come to a lying place. As Infants repose in the rocked Cradell, so my spirit findes rest in restlesse Loue. *Alexander* disdayned the *Corinthian* Ambassaders, who offered him the Freedome and Burgeosie of their Citie: But when they tolde him that *Bacchus* and *Hercules* were likewise in their Registers, hee kindly thanked them, and accepted their offer. Doe

not (O vertuous *Penelope*) disdaine my small and poore propine. O be not ashamed to see thy name in the base Chattons of my Poesie: Since better then *Bacchus*, and hardier then *Hercules* are in my Registers. Thus, kissing thy liberall hand, I hartily commende both mee and them to thy tuition.

Your La.

A.C.

Si qua videbuntur scriptis temeraria nostris,
hoc constans veri pignus amoris erit:
Consilio regitur quisquis moderantius ardet,
quiqs amor est aliis sit furor ille mihi.

To the Queene her most excellent Maiestie.

APelles man did all his Wits imploy
To paint the shape of Lædais *Daughter faire:*
But when he saw his worke prou'd naught, poore Boy,
He wept for woe, and tooke exceeding care:
Then deck'd he her with Iewels rich and rare:
Which when the braue Apelles *did behold.*
Paint on (quoth hee) poore Boy, and haue no feare,
When Beautie fayles, well done t'enrich with Gold.
I am (faire Princesse) like the Painters man,
As ignorant, as scant of skill as hee:
Yet will I strive and doe the best I can,
To manifest my louing minde to thee.
But to supply the weaknesse of my skill,
In place of Gold (great Lady) take goodwill.

Craige.

Amorous Songes
and Sonets.
TO IDEA.

IN Golden world, when *Saturne* did vpgiue
To *Pluto*, *Ioue*, and *Neptune*, his Empire
They cast their lots both how, & where to liue,
Because it was old *Saturns* owne desire:
Ioue ruld the Furnace farre aboue the Fire,
The stately Vault, beyond the starrie rounds
And *Neptune* gat the glassie Salt to hyre,
Then *Pluto* choos'd the Hellish blacke profounds
When *Cupid* spied they gaue him but the Grounds
Impatient wagg, went out to walke abrod,
And conquering these that were but lately crownd,
He made him selfe ouer all those Gods a God.
Then *Loue* to thee, as to my Lord I yeeld,
I feare to fight, where Gods haue fled the feeld.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

To IDEA.

DOwne frō the Skies for to behold my Dame
Came Goddeſſes, and all the Gods aboue:
Ioue, Saturne, Mars, bright *Phœbus*, and with thame,
Rich *Iuno*, *Minerue*, and the Queene of Loue:
Her beauties fame, their mindes did ſo commoue,
They run, and tooke no reſt till they came thare,
Thus armies proud, approch't for to approue,
And giue their doome, that ſhe was matchles faire:
Loue like the reſt, would faine look'd on, & ſweare
Vnknit (faire Dame) this Craip, quoth he, & thou
Both Bagg and Bow a bonie while ſhalt beare,
Shoote where thou wilt, and I ſhall well allow:
They change, & ſhe ſhot Loue, that he was faine
To ſkarſe his eyes, and begge the Bow againe.

Cæcus amor ſuperos ſuperat, lis hoc cardia amorem.

To LITHOCARDIA.

OF late the blind, and naked Archer Boy,
A libertine, out through the plains would play
With ayre-deuiding wings without conuoy:
Hee vaging went, and wist not where away.
Sad *Venus* wep't, and thus to mee can say.
Didst thou behold my blind Babe any whare?
For hee is gone; O pittie strange estray:
And he is sightles, syndonles, and bare:
In *Crags* and Rocks such Elu's doe make repare,
And so perhaps hee harbers in thy hart.
It was too true, yet durst I not declare
His beeing there, for feare of further smart.
To want her Babe, braue *Venus* stil doth murne,
She drown's the world with teares, & yet I burne.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

To LITHOCARDIA.

LOue ſet his Bow, his Bag, and Bolts aſide,
And went out through the watrie vaults of ayre
Diſpoſd to play; he goes without a guyde,
And with the Winds he wauers heere and thare:
Till at the laſt a fleeting Caſtle faire
On ſmooth and glaſsie Seas hee doth eſpie:
Hee bords their Barke, the fiſhing craft to leare:
The poore men yeeldes, not daring to denie,
Hee hales their Hookes, and baites them by & by.
Then *Theris* roſe, and ask'd if Loue would burne
The liquid ſeat wherein her Lord did ly,
Diſſwading him from ſuch a cruell turne.
Feare not ſayd Loue, I came to fiſh, thou ſees,
And left my flames in *Lithocardias* eyes.

O non humano nata puella toro.

To CYNTHIA.

THe Hobbie Haulke can catch at all no pray,
Vnles aboue her ayme and marke she flie.
The Palme doth beare the brauer boughs some say
From neighbour trees, the higher that it bee.
So far'd ot those my fansies fond and mee,
In hope of hap, I cannot cease to sore.
If loued, I liue: and if disdain'd, I die,
I pray, I prayse, I pleade, and I implore:
Proud *Cytherea* loued *Adonis* poore,
And *Cynthia* seru'd *Endimion* Sheepheard swane;
So though I be inglorious and obscure,
Yet may she loue her Poet and her Man.
Mount then braue thoughts through water, fire & (aire
And desp'rately pursue the sweete, proud, faire.

Blanditiis amor est, et succo mellior omni.

To PANDORA.

SInce *Ioue* him ſelfe was ſubiect vnto Loue,
And left the liſt to catch a mortall pray.
If *Neptune* did from glaſsie Seas remoue,
And would for Loue, aſide the Scepter lay.
If *Pluto* loath'd his darke and pitchie Caue,
To ſpoyle *Proſerpine Ceres* Daughter faire.
If proude *Apollo Daphne* deare to haue,
Left *Phaeton* to rule his fyrie Chaire.
If ſhaghhaird *Satyrs* mountaine-climing race,
Purſu'd *Ænone* through the *Phrygian* Woods,
If piping *Pan* from Muſicke ſweete did ceaſe,
To hunt the *Naiad* Nymp's by bankes of Floods?
What can I doe (ſweet haart) but loue thee ſtill?
On whom nor Gods nor men can gaze their fill.

Iuſſit amor, quis enim magno non cedat amori,
In cignum, in pluuiam qui iubet ire Iouem.

To ERANTINA.

NOr there where as the yoaked restles Horse
With *Phaeton* begins their wonted race,
and leads their Lord throughout the lift perforce
To circumgire the Earth into each place.
Nor there where as the hot and fyrie face,
The burning beames of *Phebus* bright appeare,
When hee diuyds the day in equall space
With glorious rayes in his meridian Spheare.
Nor there, whereas *Apollo* proude, for feare
Our comming night, his lingering should controle
With speedie pace from our Horizon heare,
Is headlong hurl'd to view th'antarticke Pole.
Nor no where els can any match at all
be found to her; whose vertues makes me thrall.

Tu mihi sola places.

To ERANTINA.

O Wounder to the world, whō woundering eyne
Doe wounder ſtill as on the rareſt ſight
Of Natures frame; yet come to common light,
Or Hemiſphere, where our Horizon beene.
Sweete louely *Laura*, modeſt, chaſt, and cleene.
It ſeemes that Poet *Petrarche* tooke delight,
Thy ſpotles prayſe in daintie lines to dight,
By Prophecies, before thy ſelfe was ſeene.
And now faire Dame, ſince thou art borne to bee
That Comet ſtrange, and that prodigious Starre,
Whence life and death, and peace & bloody warre
And calme and ſtorme proceed, as pleaſeth thee:
Shine ſtill, and ſtill with ſweete aſpect infuſe,
Eternall theame, and matter to my Muſe.

At mea cum multis placuiſſet muſa puellis,
Huic vni, dixi, noſter inheret amor.

To IDEA.

THe chaſteſt Child will oft for mercie cry,
And bid the ſtriker ſtay and hold his hand:
Yea though he weepe, his teares he will vpdry
And kiſſe (ſuppoſe againſt his will) the wand,
With chiuering chin, but ſturring will he ſtand,
And patiently ſuppres his preſent paine:
Poore Babe he dare not but obey command,
And hold his peace, leaſt he be laſht againe.
Such is my ſtate, I faikles ſoule am ſlaine,
Nor can I get the ſmalleſt graunt of grace,
Nor dare I now, though I haue cauſe, complaine:
And though I durſt, my plaints wold haue no place
Thus am I faine for feare of further wrong,
Euen with the Babe to burſt, and hold my tong.

Non tamen audebam tacitos operire dolores,
Ingenium metuens caſta puella tuum.

To CINTHIA:

IT ſometime chanſt, as Stories tell by chanſe,
That *Hercules* and *Hylas* were alone,
And ſeuerally they went apart to panſe:
But hee and hee, accompanied with none,
Till *Hercules* to *Hylas* made his mone,
That hee for drouth was like to giue the Ghoſt.
Thus *Hylas* to *Aſcanius* Flood is gone,
To draw a drinke, and lowting life hath loſt.
So when mine eyes had ſpurd a ſpeedie poſt,
To ſet the floods of ſauour to their friend,
My burning heart, which drouth of comfort croſt,
They drownd them ſelues, & nothing els obteind:
So Deſtanies my doletull death concludes,
By double force of Furious flames and floudes.

Vror, et heu noſtro manat ab igne liquor.

To IDEA.

THe Lipper man, whoſe voyce can not be hard,
With dolefull hoarſe vnpleaſant tune wil cry,
And craue for loue of Ieſus Chriſt reward,
And alm's of ſuch as chaunce for to paſſe by:
But when (allace poore ſoule) he doth eſpy
That no man heares, nor yet regards his voyce,
No longer then takes he delight to ly,
But claps his diſh, and keepes his language cloſe.
Right ſo as curſt, and carefull is my Croſſe,
Suppoſe the Fates haue not deform'd my ſhape,
No words I vſe for to lament my loſe,
But make my Lines to be the Lippars Clap.
Goe Sonet then and beg, I thee beſeech,
Some grace to him, whom feare deterres from (ſpeech.

Dicere quæ puduit ſcribere iuſſit amor.

To. IDEA.

IN ſtately *Troy* which was by force of fire
Subdu'd in end, and turnd in embers cold,
Apollo's Church while *Priam* did empire,
Was beautifull and braue for to behold:
In midſt whereof hung in a net of gold
A Cocatrice, that Spider, Bird, nor Flie,
To enter there, nor build durſt not be bold:
That famous worke from filth was kept ſo frie.
The like (faire Dame) may well be thought of thee
For why, before thy beauties Alear hings,
Canceld with prid, both blood and birth I ſee,
With cold diſdaine, which ſerue as certaine ſings,
To warne a farre my fancie to reſraine,
And rather wrake then once reueale my paine.

Cor dolet gelidus torpet ſub pectore ſanguis,
Me tamen oppreſſum dicere vetat amor.

To PANDORA.

I Panse not on the gold of *Tagus* sand,
Nor *Erithrean* braue and shyniug shells:
Ilong not for the limits large of Land,
Wherein the barbar newfound Nations dwels:
I bid not of thele bounds whole booſome ſwells
With birth of braue and coſtly lewels rare,
Which with their Muske and Siuet ſweeteſt ſmels
In faireſt Chattons, ſet perſume the ayre.
My pridles Hart ſubdued with Loue and feare,
Seekes that thoſe Songes the Heralds of my hart
Might mooue the ſweet and flintie harted faire
Some fauour once, and pittie to impart:
Els that vpon the Alter of her wreath,
She would accept th'oblation of my death.

At ſine te regum Munera nulla volo:

To PENELOPE.

I Serue a Mistris infinitely faire,
And (which I more esteeme) exceeding wise,
In that, beyond the boundes of all compare:
And this in her the wondering world enuies,
Thence doth of loue my restles rage arrise,
Thence flowes the font of all the harmes I haue:
Her wit my heart, her beautie charm'd mine eyes,
To *Venus* thus and *Pallas* I am slaue:
If curious heades to know her name do craue,
Shee is a Lady *Rich*, it needes no more,
And wealthy *Iuno* wonted pride may leaue,
And gladly serue the Dame whom I adore:
Rich, wise, and faire, to thee alone as thrall,
I consecrate loue, life, lines, thoughts, and all.

At mihi seruitium, et trist is iam vita paratur,
Illaq; libertas pristina surripitur.

To PENELOPE.

SHort is the day, but long (allace) to mee,
Who liue in loue, and am not loued againe:
My louely, faire, and loueles Saint I see,
Doth guild with gold her hid & coy disdaine.
thinkst thou faire dame, to buy my loue with gaine
Cause thou art rich, I pray thee thinke not so:
I am thy slaue, and for thy sake am slaine.
Nor can my Rim's reueale my inward woe.
Put now a poynt *Penelope* I pray,
vnto this web so oft retex'd by thee,
Pay loue with loue, and make no more delay:
O raine no more thy shewers of gold on mee,
One kisse of thee would breed me more content
Then make me king of *Cresus Lydian* rent.

To LITHOCARDIA.

By *Anagram.*

WHen Churches all of *Asia* les and more,
By *Xerxes* great were burnt, & cast to ground
Of pittie hee *Dianais* Church forbore.
A peece of worke whose like could not be found:
And yet by fames report to be renound,
Herostratus did set the same on fire,
Which *Xerxes* great suppose a Monarch crownd,
Did spare vnspoyld for all his proud Empire.
Right so, when as so many did conspire
To conquer mee a poore and Cuntrey Swaine,
My hardned hart withheld their hot desire,
And I till now, vnconquerd did remaine.
That by my losse, I must enlarge thy fame,
And slay my selfe to serue *a glorious Dame.*

Non ego seruitium Domina tam mite recuso,
Ah pereat si quis vincula et ipse timet.

To LITHOCARDIA.

Anagram.

AS *Marigould* did in her Garden walke,
One day, O ten times happie was that day
I thitherward to see my Saint, did stalke:
Where *Floraes* Imp's ioy'd with her feet to play,
And loe vnseene behind a Hedge I lay,
Where I beheld the Roses blush for shame,
The Lillies were empald vpon the spray,
The Violets were staynd about my Dame:
My Mistris smild for to behold the game,
And sometimes pleasd vpon the grasse to sport,
Which canging hew's new cullors did acclaime,
For blythnes of so sweete a Saincts resort,
And from that walke while as away she went,
They weepe with deaw, & I in teares lament.

Spremis nostras gelatea querelas.

To KALA.

FAire *Kala*, fairer then the Wooll moſt faire,
Of theſe my faire and ſiluer fleeced Sheepe
Which are committed to my careles care,
And vp and downe thoſe daintie Dales I keepe:
Faire Sheppeardeſſe, for thee alone I weepe.
None heares my plaints but bleating beaſts and I,
And for thy ſake I ſigh when I ſhould ſleepe,
And on thy name amid my dreames I crie.
Thē ſince thou know's the thraldome of my mind
And how my necke to beare thy yoke is worne:
Haue pittie once, and proue not ay vnkind,
And laugh no more thy ſhepheard ſwaine to ſcorne
But if thou mind'ſt for to remead my mone,
Let fanſies then, flocks, folds, and all, be one.

Tum miſtum cinerem communis onerare ſepulchro,
Amborumq; vnus contegat oſſa lapis.

To LAIS.

What euer thou be that claimes or courts my deare
And in my abſence would ſupply my place,
If courts thou, I pray thee to forbeare,
Rob not my right, and latelie granted grace:
For if ſt were, I friendly craue thy caſe,
And thou had credit as I ſometime bade,
Were it not wrong, if I ſhould proudlie preaſe
To raue thy right? yes I may ſurely ſaide:
Be who thou wilt, I challenge thee therefore,
That with thy Daffings deauis my *Lais* eare;
Ceaſe from thy ſute, and in to time forbeare,
Els we can be companions true no more.
For put the caſe thou ſpeed, thou gaines theſe two,
A facill Dame, and of a friend a foe.

Caſta manet nec te luſus, nec munera vincent.

To LAIS.

EVen as a ventering Merchant skant of skill,
Whom Fortunes trowne or fate hath forc'd to fall
To recempence his former losse hee will
Within one Ship and Vessell venter all.
So haue I vsed my Stocke, though it be small:
My Hart I send halfe dround into dispaire
Vnto my Saint, whom euer true I shall:
Shee is the Shipp, and it the ventered ware.
Oft hath my minde bin cloy'd with clouds of care
When contrar winds, with cold and stormie raine
would threat my losse; but now trō bounds of feare
My ventring thus, hath made me rich againe.
Then shal my Muse triumph & mourne no more,
Since second windes haue brought my Shipp to shore.

At nunc tota tua est, te solum candida secum,
Cogita et frustra credula turba sedet.

To PANDORA.

GO you o winds that blow from north to south,
Conney my secret sighes vnto my sweet:
Deliuer them from mine, vnto her mouth,
And make my commendations till we meet.
But if perhaps her proud aspiring sprit,
Will not accept nor yet receiue the same,
The brest and bulwarke of her bosome beit:
Knock at her hart, and tell from whence you came,
Importune her, nor cease, nor shrinke, for shame:
Sport with her curl's of Amber cullour'd haire,
And when she sighs, immix your selues with thame
Giue her her owne, and thus beguile the *faire.*
Blow winds, flie sighs, where as my hart doth haut
And secretly commend me to my saint.

To PANDORA.

O Watchfull Bird proclaymer of the day,
Withhold I pray, thy piercing notes from me:
Yet crow, and put the Pilgrime to his way,
And let the Worke-man rise to earne his fee:
Yea let the Lion fierce, be feard of thee,
To leaue his prey, and lodge him in his Cauet
And let the deepe Diuine from dreaming flie,
To looke his leaues within his close Conclauet
Each man saue I, may some remembrance haue,
That gone is night, and *Phosphor* draweth niet
Beat not thy breast for mee poore sleepeles slaue,
To whom the Fat's alternall rest denie:
But if thou wouldst bring truce vnto my teares,
Crow still for Mercie in my Mistris eares.

To PANDORA.

IN *Arcadie* sometime (as *Sydne* say's,)
Demagoras a proud Lord did remaine,
In whom no thing I marke that merits prayse,
Saue that he seru'd *Parthenia* sweet with paine:
But when he found she lou'd him not againe,
With leprocie he did infect her face,
Which caus'd the constant knight for to complaine
But not to change his loue in any case:
Pandora faire his woose infect'd allace
With leprocie of loathsome cold disdane,
Bred by my foe, to further my disgrace:
Yet neither fayth nor fancie shall refrane:
Yea, were her face deform'd as it is faire,
I should ay serue, though I should ay dispaire.

Fortuna potes inuita facisse beatum,
Quem velis.

To LITHOCARDIA.

A Very World may well be ſeene in mee,
My hot deſires as flames of Fire do ſhine,
My ſighes are ayre, my teares the Ocean ſea
My ſteadfaſt fayth, the ſolid Earth, & ſyne,
My hope my heauen, my thoughts are ſtars diuine
My ielouſie the very pangues of Hell,
My ſweete the Sainct, to whom I do propine
For ſacrifice my ſeruice and my ſell. (dwell
That hateſull Hagge, who neere my Dame doth
My riuall foe, my Loue the Sommer ſweet,
My Spring-time, my deſerts which ſo excells
And my Diſpaires, the Winter cold and weet.
But (O allace) no Haruеſt can I ſee,
Which ſpoyls my yeares, & maks me thus to die

To ERANTINA.

WEll may I read as on a ſnowie ſheet
Of paper faire, my fortune in thy face,
Since at my ſight thine eyes are both repleit,
With loueles looks preſaging but diſgrace:
And thou into my viſage wann allace,
May ſee in ſád characters of my care,
Since neither ruth nor pittie can haue place,
A boundles Booke, a volume of diſpare.
Thus like a Glaſſe my face may well declare
My loue to thee, and with my loue my paine:
Thine ſhow's againe (though it be matchles faire)
Thy hatefull heart and vndeſeru'd diſdaine.
O antipathie ſtrange to be ſuſteind,
I loue my foe, thou hats thy faithfull friend.

Vidi ego quæ veneris falleudo iura reſeſuit,
Perfidæ penas ſæpe luiſſe graues.

To IDEA.

The Brethren three whose hot persut hath broght
Death to them selues, & bondage to their land,
When as their foe before them fled, they thoght
The victorie was plac'd into their hand:
And yet his flight inferd no feare they tand,
For as they came, hee slew them one and one.
A *Parthian* forme, whose fight in flight doth stand,
For while they flie, their foes are kild anone.
Euen so may I, vnhappiest I complaine:
But pittie thus to serue a *Parthian* Dame,
Who shuns my sutes, and makes my fancie fane,
With hosts of harm's for to pursue the same.
O sweet discord, O sweet concord agane,
She flies to kill, I chase her to be tane.

To IDEA.

FAire lòuelie *Hæbæ* Queene of pleaſant Youth,
Who bore braue *Nectar* to the Gods aboue:
Whoſe glanſing beames like *Phæbus* in the ſouth,
Do both bewitch and burne my breſt with loue.
O thou that wars the woundring world for woorth
Whom Nature made to laugh her ſelfe to ſcorne,
More excellent then I can ſet thee foorth:
Whoſe like nor is, nor ſhall againe be borne.
My flowing Songs I conſecrate to thee,
Good reaſon were, that they ſhould all be thine.
Thy preſence creats all thoſe thoughts in mee,
Which mee immortall, and maks thee diuine:
And ſuch delight I haue with thee to ſtay,
As twentie Moones do ſeeme but halfe a day.

Et tua quod ſupereſt temporis eſſe precor.

To LITHOCARDIA.

THou who began by *Menalus* to mone,
And lay alone for to lament thy losse
Amid those greene and grouie shads to grone
Where *Musidorus* knew thee by thy voyce:
Thou hast of me a comfort in thy crosse,
With Princes proud if poore men may compare,
For why my cares suppose I keepe them close,
Ouermatcheth thine, tho thy mishaps were mare:
Thy thuartring thoughts were droūd in deepe dis-
Mine haue no hope for to be brought to pas: (pare
Thy heart has hurt, and mine of blis is bare:
Thou chang'd thy shape, I am not what I was:
In end thou sped, I ware my worke in vaine,
I loue allace, and am not loued againe.

Spes; timor dubia, sperasq; timere cadis.

To LAIS.

SEe *Deianira*, see how I am shent
By that same Shirt which *Nessus* to thee gaue,
And thou againe to me by *Lychas* sent,
I am inflàm'd flesh, bons, and all I haue,
That *Ichthiophagic Æthiopian* slaue,
Who boyls his angled Fish by *Phœbus* beams
Vpon a Rock, no other fire may craue:
Nor Sun, nor Rocke, but these my gliding gleams.
Yet sweete thy sworne *Alcides* will not die,
There is no deadlie *Dipsas* in thy Sarke,
I languish but till *I* may meet with thee,
With quent Dialogs in the quiet darke:
And so till time such happie time afford,
My further will this bearer brings by word.

Sæpe greges inter requiescimus arbore terci,
Mistaq; cum solas perbuit herba torum.

To PENELOPE.

THe *Persian* King in danger to be dround,
Ask'd if no helpe in humane hands did stand,
The Skipper then cast in the Salt profound,
Some *Persians* braue, & brought the King to land.
Then *Xerxes* crowns the Skipper with his hand,
Who saues the King deseru's (quoth he) a crowne:
But he atonce to kill him gaue command,
Die die, said he, who did my *Persians* drowne.
My Ladie faire, a *Xerxes* proud doth proue,
My worthles Verle she doth reward with gold:
But (O alace) she lets me die for loue,
And now I rew that I haue bin so bold.
As *Xerxes* crownd, and kild his man; right so
Shee seemes a frind, and proues a mortall foe.

Credula res amor est &c.

At IDEAS direction, these two Sonets were made.

1.

MOre then I am, accurſed mought I bee,
If er'e I did approch my deareſt Dame:
But ſuch a great reſpect was ſtill in mee,
As ay feare was equall to my flame:
Suppoſe ſome ſots ſpoyld of the ſenſe of ſhame,
Or feeling of my honeſt Loue, will ſay,
And publiklie to my diſpraiſe proclame
That I delight in loathſome Luſt as thay.
You ſacred pow'rs, I ſtill inuoke and pray,
That all my ſpeach turne poyſon in a clap,
If either I by word or writ bewray
One luſting thought her beautie to entrap,
Let pale Enuie (faire Dame) admire and lie,
With chaſt deſiers I ſerue and honor thee.

To IDEA.

2

VVIth chaſt deſires I ſerue and honor thee
Great Archi-miſtris of my rauiſht mind,
Moſt virtuous, wiſe, and faire, of all thy kind:
Whoſe leaſt command I vow to doe or die.
Chaſt was my Loue, yet is, and ay ſhall bee,
The prayſiug Papers which I haue propin'd,
May well beare witnes how I am inclind,
And can (ye know) controull mee when I lie:
Throteſis erring could eſpie no place,
Meete on this mould, but in thy breaſt to dwell,
A virtuous mind adorns a beauteous face;
And thou haſt both, and in them both excells:
This maks my loue be chaſt, my paſsions ſtrange
And I had rather chooſe to die then change,

Aſpice diuinas humano in corpore dotes
Nil mortale tibi fœmina digna poloes.

To CYNTHIA.

HAdst thou been blacke, or yet had I been blind,
my muse had slept, & none had known my mind
Or yet couldst thou as thou art faire, be kind,
I had not thus with sighs increast the wind:
But loe these frowning fauours which I find,
To which allace thou art too much inclind,
By which thy poore afflicted man is pind,
Haue broke the heart, which beautie first did bind:
Smile then faire dame, & some time cease to frown
For smiles please mee, and do become thee best:
And since thou sees how I am sworne thine owne,
Smile still on him who loues thee by the rest,
So neither shall I wish thee to be blacke,
Nor curse my eyes, the causers of my wrecke.

Nam si quem placidis facilis dignaris ocellis,
Nectaris hunc fontes, ambrosiaq; fluunt.

To ERANTINA.

THe Tyrant *Nero* houering to behold
The wrack of *Rome* on top of *Tarpe* hill,
He ſaw the rich, the poore, the young, the old,
Amid the flams in in preſent poynt to ſpill:
Yet woondering on that woonder, ſtood he ſtill,
And (cruell man) would neither mend nor meene,
But tooke his pleaſure to eſpie their ill,
And ſmild to ſee them ſmart before his eyne:
But had that man, that monſtruous man yet beene
Reſeru'd onlife by fatall Nimphs till now,
To view theſe flames which may in me be ſeene,
He would bewaile my poore eſtate I trow,
whoſe boyling breaſt euen like mont *Ætna* burns
When in his tomb the roaring monſter turns.

To KALA.

THe *Persian* Kings all waters did abiure,
Saue those which flow'd frō faire *Choaspes* flood:
From age to age this they obseru'd as sure,
As though no Waters els could do them good.
This was a forme, no rather bondage strange,
which by no means these *Monarcō's* braue would (change.
I am as constant as a *Persian* King,
And thou more deare then meat or drinke to meet:
For all th'entisments beautie bright can bring,
With lisping toong, and soull entising eye:
In spight of all these all as I began,
I am thy true and neuer-changing man.

Thus will I surfet on thy beautie braue,
And *Lyzard*-like liue on thy looks diuine:
In presence absence I am sworne thy slaue,
And still I would (were I a King) be thine:
And for thy sake, till life and breath endure,
All other loue and seruice I abiure.

Tu quoq; iunge fidos fido cum coniuge amores,
Ipse etenim et coniunx ipse et amator ero.

To LAIS.

ALlace that abſence hath ſuch force to foyll,
And to procure my euer pearceing paine,
Bereſt of reſt I toſſe, I turne, I toyle,
Halfe in diſpaire that we may meet againe:
Think on my vowes (& think they were not vaine)
My countenance, and each thing els I pray,
Which then I vſ'd, when our goodnight was tane,
My inward wrack and woe for to bewray:
And when allone in claſped armes we lay,
With interchange of manie ſouleſooke kiſſes:
Thinke how we ſhed before the dawn of day,
With miriads of vnaccompliſht wiſhes:
Which with my ſelfe for lacke of preſens pind,
I recommend vnto thy vertuous mind.

Sic mecum fixis herebas nixa lacertis,
Mutua cum placido trahebamus gaudia luſu.

To absent ERANTINA.

EVen as a man by darke that goes astray,
Would faine behold and looke vnto the light:
Or as a Pilgrem erring from the way,
In wildsome wayes, would faine be set a right:
As Mariners in blacke and stormie night,
O'reset with Seas, strange winds, and stormie raine
Longs to behold the beames of *Phœbus* bright,
That after storme, the calme may come againe:
As he whom still the Iayler doth detaine
In bondage close, of freedome would be glade:
Right so shall I of presence be as faine,
To see the Sainct for whom my sighs are shade,
Light, wisshed way, calme, freedome, should not bee
So sweete to them, as *Presence* vnto mee.

To KALA.

Sore is my head and sorie is my hart,
And yet for all th'emplasters I applie,
No helpe hath Nature, nor no ayde brings Art,
Without, within, I burne, I fret, I frie:
A childish thing when Care doth come to crie:
Yet this doth most my Feuer fell infect,
I hid my harms, and so in silence die,
And thus my head must riue, my hart must breake,
But worst of all, while visage wan bewray,
What secret fire my sicke soule doth assale,
How I or'edriue in deadly dooll the day,
And how this longsome Equinoct I vale:
Shee cruell shee that should my Surgeon bee,
Allow's my losse, and laughs, and lets me die.

Nec tamen vlla mea tangit te cura salutis.

To abſent IDEA.

Faire dame, for whō my mornfull muſe hath worne
To want thy ſight the black & ſable weede,
Whoſe houering haires diſsheueld rent and torne,
May ſhow what baill thy abſence long can breed:
Looke if thou liſt my Rimes, and thou ſhalt reed
But coalblack woes in coaleblack words brought forth
thy abſence long, hath made my cōfort deed,
And makes my Verſes be ſo litle worth.
Shine then vpon my parched Sunburnd braine,
Chiefe ſtay of all my tempeſt-beaten ſtate:
Leaue not thy man diſconſolate againe,
Faire Goddes of my Fortune both and Fate:
All earthly hopes for thee ſince I refuſe,
Be thou my hope, my Miſtris, and my Muſe.

Vtq; ſupercilio ſpondes nutuq; loquaci,
Nonnihil ipſa meis mota venis precibus,

To ERANTINA.

OVt through the faire and famous *Scythian* land,
A Riuer runns vnto the Ocean mane:
Hight *Hypanis* with cleare and cristall strand,
Borderd about with Pine, Firre, Oake, and plane:
Whose siluer streames as they delight the eye,
So none more sweet to either tast or smell.
Yet *Exampeus* erre his Lord he spies,
Maks him to stinke like *Stygian* stanks at Hell.
Eu'n so faire Dame (whose shap doth so exeell)
Thy glorious rayes, thy shining virtues rare,
No Poets pen, nor Rhetors tong can tell
So farre beyond the bounds of all compare:
Yet are they spoyld with poysning cold disdaine
And such as drink thy beauties floods are staine.

Nil nostræ mouere preces verba irrita ventis,
Fudimus et vanas scopulis impegimus undas.

PANDORA refuſeth his Letter.

THe faikles ſoule *Philoxenus* was ſlaine
By courtes kind *Amphialus* the Knight,
(Who for the faire *Cornithian* Queens diſdaine
Borne to his foreſaid friend had tane the flight:)
But when his Dog perceiu'd that ſorie fight,
He fawn'd vpon his maiſters fatall foe:
Who then with hart and hand full of deſpight,
Beats backe the Dog with manie bitter blo.
My deareſt Dame and ſeemlie Sainct euen ſo,
For whoſe ſweet ſake I daylie die and dwins,
Hath ſlaine her ſlaue with all the wounds of woe,
And loaths allace, to looke vpon my Lins:
That with the Dog my Ditties muſt returne,
And helpe their martird Maiſter for to murne.

Quis Deus oppoſuit noſtris ſua numina notis.

To KALA.

TWixt Fortune, Loue, and moſt vnhappie mee,
Behold a chaſe, a fatall threeſome Reele,
Shee leads vs both, ſuppoſe ſhee can not ſee,
And ſpurs the Poſt on her vnconſtant wheele:
I follow her, but while I preaſe to ſpeele
My bounds aboue, I faile, and ſo I fall:
Loue lifts me vp, and ſaies all ſhall be well,
In hope of hap my comfort I recall:
Wee iornie on, Loue is the laſt of all;
Hee on his winges, I on my thoughts do ſote:
I flie from him, ſuppoſe my ſpeed be ſmall;
Shee flies from mee, and woe is mee therefore.
Thus am I ſtill twixt Loue and Fortune ſlaine,
I neither take nor tarrie to be taine.

To LITHOCARDIA.

GOod cauſe hadſt thou *Euarchus* to repent,
The reakles raſhnes of thy bad decreit:
Thy crueltie did ſpring from good intent,
The grounds whereof were tedious to repeet:
Yet when thy Sonne fell downe before thy feet,
And made thine eyes confeſſe that he was thine,
Thou wept for woe, yet could thou not retreat
The ſentence ſaid, but ſigh'd and ſorow'd ſine:
So may it be that once thoſe eyes diuine,
Which now diſdaine and loath to looke ſo low,
As to behold theſe miſeries of mine,
ſhal weepe whē they my conſtant trueth ſhal know
And thou ſhalt ſigh (though out of time) to ſee,
By thy decret thine owne *Pirocles* die.

To LITHOCARDIA.

I Feare not *Loue* with blind and frowning face,
His Bow, his flame, nor sharpest hooked head:
A brauer Archer Death shall haue his place,
And put a poynt to all my paine with speed:
And since it is my fate to be at feed
With her whom once I duelie did adore:
Yet fatall *Atrops* now shall cut the threed,
And breake the heart which she enioy'd of yore:
For fauours floods which I did oft implore,
Or *Letheis* Lake I time by time shall teast,
Her Marbel heart shal make me moorne no more
The buriall stone my dolor shall digeast:
Then farewell *she, auth, loue, hard-heart,* each one,
Come *Atrops, Lethe, Death,* and *Buriall stone.*

Nunc te tam formæ tangit decor iste superbæ,
Vt tua commorint tædia iniqua deos.

To inconſtant LAIS.

HOw oft haſt thou with Siuet ſmelling breath,
told how thou loud'ſt me, loud'ſt me beſt of all?
And to repay my loue, my zeale, my fayth,
Said, to thy captiue thou waſt but a thrall:
And when I would for comfort on thee call,
Be true to mee deare to my ſoule, ſaid I,
Then ſweetly quhelpering would thou ſay, *I ſhall*:
And *echo*-like *deare to my ſoule*, replie:
But breach of fayth now ſeemes no fault to thee,
Old promiſes new periuries do preue.
Apes turſe the whelps they loue from tree to tree
And cruſh them to the death with too much loue.
My too much loue I ſee hath chang'd thee ſo,
That from a friend thou art become a foe.

Carminibus celebrata meis formoſa Nicera,
Aſcrius mauult eſſe puella viri.

To LAIS.

SWeet *Lais*, truſt me, I can loue no more,
And which is worſe, my Loue is turnd to hate:
Thou art vnkind, and woe is mee therefore,
Inconſtant fals and to my griefe ingrate,
It is too true *I* lou'd thee well of late,
And euen as true thou lou'dſt mee well againe:
I haue allace, no pleaſure to repeat
Our wiſhes and our vowes ſince all are yaine:
What reſolutions and what plots prophane
Wee two haue had in loue to liue and die,
The time, the place, the tokens giuen and tane;
If they could ſpeake, can thy accuſars bee:
But ſince thou ſtill art falſe (I muſt confeſſe)
Thy loue was lightlie won, and loſt for leſſe.

Ah crudele genus nec fidum famina nomen.

To ERANTINA.

Blind naked loue, who breeds those stormy broyls
Which from my deare me to my dole debars:
To mee the pangs, to thee pertaine the spoyls:
Thou taks aduantage of our ciuill warres,
I liue exild, but thou remains too neare,
Yet like a tirant shee triumphs o're thee.
Her presence maks thee more then blind I heare:
And absence is farre worse then death to mee,
Could I as thou, from ielous eyes be free,
Then should I be as blith as thou art blind:
I should not then dispaire, nor wish to die,
Nor should my sighs increas the wauering wind.
O rigor strange since Loue must still remaine,
In presence blind, and I in absence slaine.

Una dies tantum est, qua te non femina vidi,
Et sine iam videor sensibus esse meis.

To PENELOPE.

WHen ſtately *Troy* by ſubtill *Sinons* guile,
And *Grecian* force was brought to laſt decay,
Vliſſes braue with faire and facund ſtile,
Achilles Arm's obtaind, and went away:
In *Afrike* yet he was conſtraind to ſtay:
For when his friends did taſte of *Lotus* trie,
As *Homers* works do more at length bewray,
They green'd no more the *Greekiſh* ſoyle to ſee.
So fares with mee, O moſt vnhapie mee,
Since I beheld thy faire and heauenlie hew,
The glorious rayes of thy all conquering eye,
My rendering heart and ſoule did ſo ſubdew,
That for thy ſake, whom euer ſerue I ſhall,
I haue forgot my ſelfe, my ſoyle, and all.

To IDEA.

MY Muſe ſhal make thy boundles fame to flie
In bounds where yet thy ſelfe was neuer ſeene:
And were not for my Songs thy name had beene
Obſcurelie caſt into the graue with thee:
But loe when cold and limping age ſhall bee,
A ſigne of death, and when the graue ſhall greene
And gape within her bosome to conteene
Her child, in ſpight of Death thou ſhalt not die:
For why, my Muse, my reſtles Muse ſhall eeke
Ten thousand wings for to enlarge thy fame,
And eu'ry quill of eu'ry wing faire Dame,
to preach thy praise ten thousand wayes ſhal seeke
Yet thou repayes my labors with disdaine,
Thou liues by mee, and I by thee am ſlaine.

O ego non felix qui tam crudeliter amo,
Nullaq; me redamat.

To frowning CINTHIA.

IF *Castor* shine, the Seaman hoyseth saile, (brace
With widkast womb the welcome winds t'em.
which gladly grasps the fare & prosperous gaile
And maks the Ship to run a fleeing race:
But if *Orion* shine, the storme is me,
He lowes the Saile, which stood of late so hie

Such is my state, if *Castor*-like thou smile,
I onelie liue to serue and honour thee:
But if thou frowne, allace allace the while,
As at the sight of *Gorgons* head I die,
As in thy lift so in thy looks diuine,
Orion black, and *Castor* braue do shine.

Then since thou art th'*Orizon* of my loue,
Thine eyes the fatall starres which I adore:
With gracious blinks behold me from aboue,
Let me not sinke, saie bring me to thy shore.
Or if thou loaths that I should liue, then frowne
For die I, liue I, I am still thine owne.

Dicite me Iuuenem perisse in amore meaq;
Vnita quod fuerit Cynthia causa necis.

To PANDORA.

EAch thing allace, preſents and lets mee ſee,
The rare *Idea* of my rareſt Dame,
Deepe ſunke into my ſoule the verie ſame,
Whoſe view doth ſtill bewitch vnhappie mee,
The ſhining Sunne, her hart tranſperſing eye,
The morning red her braue and bluſhing shame,
Night abſence, and day preſence doth proclame,
foule wether frowns, & calme ſweet ſmil's may bee
My ſcalding ſighs tempeſtious winds, and raine:
But exhalations of my tragick teares,
In froſt allace, her cold diſdaine appeares;
In thaw, and fire, my melting heart agane:
And thus each thing brings purpoſe to be pinde
And to my thoughts cōmends the faire vnkind.

To PANDORA.

DEare to my ſoule, and wilt thou needs be gone,
And leaue thy Man behind thee but a heart?
Is this the pittie which thou doſt impart,
Diſconſolat to let me die alone?
Thou haſt two harts; mine, thine, and I haue none:
Heere ſprings the ſurſe of my enſuing smart;
Yet play I pray the gentle Pyrats part,
And as thou lou's my life, yet leaue me one:
But brooke them both I gladlie grant and ſtay,
How canſt thou ride in raging raine and wind?
Yet thou muſt goe, and woe is me away:
Then take my heart, and leaue me thine behind.
I gaue thee mine, O then giue thine to mee,
That mine and thine be one twix mee & thee.

Una fides, vnus lectus, et vnus amor.

To LAIS.

I Haue compard my Miſtris many time
To Angels, Sun, Moone, Stars, & things aboue;
My Conſcience then condem'd me of a crime,
To things below when I conferd my Loue:
But when I find her actions all are vane,
I thinke my Rimes and Poyems all profane.

With perfect eyes her Pageants I eſpy,
To no thing now can I compare my Dame,
But *Theramenes* ſhoo; the reaſon why,
It ſeru'd each foote: and ſhe can do the ſame:
She hears the ſutes of rich, poore, great, & ſmall,
And has diſcretion to content vs all.

Si vitium leuitas, nulla puella bona eſt.

To PANDORA.

FAine would I goe, and faine would I abide,
Sweet *Hais agene*, and kisse me erre I go,
Denie mee not since there is none beside,
No teltale here, though thou wouldst giue me two:
Yet giue me one, if thou wilt giue no mo;
But one is none, then giue mee two or three,
Thy Balmie breath doth still bewitch me so,
As I must haue an other kisse, or die,
Thy Rubent blush now bids take leaue of thee:
Faine would I goe, and I would kisse as faine,
Then giue me one, or change a kisse with mee:
If neither giue nor change, take all againe:
When thine & mine are thus conturb'd, I kno
Thou canst but smile, that I deceiu'd thee so.

Mihi dulcia iunge
Oscula, et in nostro molle quiesse sinu.

To PENELOPE.

WHile fierce *Achilles* at the ſiedge of *Troy*,
(the fatall Nimphs had ſo decreed) was ſlaine
A ſodaine ſtrife aroſe who ſhould enioy
The Armes of that praiſe-worthie *Grecian*:
Aiax alleg'd he ſhould the Arm's obtaine,
And by the ſword to win and weare them vow'd,
Vliſſes ſaid, they ſhould be his againe:
And he them gaind, if Stories may be trow'd,
But lo the ſhield by Sea's was looſd, wee read,
And by a ſtorme driu'n from *Vliſſes* ſight,
And rould to *Aiax* graue, though he was dead,
To ſhow the world that he had greateſt right:
So when my tombe ſhal end thoſe teares of mine
there ſhalt thou ſigh & ſay, I ſhould been thine.

Tum flebit cum mi ſenſerit eſſe fidem.

To CINTHIA.

OFt haue I ment with Muſicke, ſleepe, & wine,
The ſoueraine cur's for ſuperficiall cares,
For to reuiue this wounded heart of mine,
And free my ſelfe from ſorow, ſighs, and teares:
Yet neither all, nor any one of thoſe,
Haue force to end, or cure, or change my woes:
My griefs are growne to ſuch confuſed force,
No number reſts for more, nor place for worſe.

If I had merit to be martird ſtill,
And with the furie of thy frowns abus'd,
I could digeſt thy gloomings with goodwill,
And neither looke nor craue to be excus'd:
I loue my Rod like *Moſes*; but if I
Perceiue it proue a Serpent, I muſt flie.
If thou wilt bind me ſtill to be thine owne,
Smile ſtil (faire Dame) if not, I pray thee frowne.

Vincuntur molli pectora dura prece.

To LITHOCARDIA.

FAlſe *Eriphile* ſometime did betray
Facidic wiſe *Amphiaraus* her ſpouſe,
(Who willing from the *Theban* warres to ſtay)
To hide himſelfe ſecure at home he trow's:
Thus while his driftes *Adraſtus* diſallow's,
She (knowing that her husband ſhould be ſlaine
At *Thebes*) for a golden chaine auow's
To tell *Adraſtus* where he did remaine;
And thus reueald, he goes againſt his will,
But leaues *Alcmeon* to reuenge his wrack
On *Eriphile*, which he did fulfill,
When doleſull newes of fathers death came backe
So ſince in loue thou art ſo vnloyall ſo long,
Some ſtrange *Alcmeon* muſt reuenge my wrong.

Quæq; prius nobis intulit illa ferat.

To LAIS.

WHen *Cressid* went from *Troy* to *Calchs* tent,
and *Grecks* with *Troians* were at skirmidg hot
Then *Diomed* did late and aire frequent
Her companie, and *Troil* was forgot:
Thou lay alone, such was allace thy lot,
And *Paris* brookt poore *Menela* thy Dame,
Shee twind in two the matrimoniall knot,
And tooke a stranger when thou went from hame.
Such is my case, if I may say for shame,
I florisht once; once there was none but I:
I once was lou'd, and I haue lost the same,
And as God liu's, I know not how nor why:
So that my Sainct for falshood I am sure,
May match the *Grecian* or the *Troian* whore.

Non sum ego qui fueram, mutat vt via longa puellas,
Quantus in exigno tempore fugit amor.

To KALA.

OFt haue I ſworne; oft haſt thou pray'd me too
No more to loue, nor more to looke on thee:
Since looks and loue haue made ſo much adoo
Twixt loueles thee, and vnbeloued mee:
Yet were I dam'd without redres to die,
I can not ceaſe from ſeruing thee faire Dame:
Yea thou and all the woondering world ſhall ſee
The fayth, the force, the furie of my flame,
Moſt like vnto the queſting Dogge am I,
Who ſtill doth on his angry Maiſter fawne,
While thou corrects, I kindly queſt and cry,
And more thou threats, the more I am thine owne
Thus loue or loath, or cherriſh mee or chide,
Where once I bind, but any breach I bide.

Sit mihi pampertas tecum iucunda neara.

To KALA.

VVHen *Œdipus* did fooliſhly reſigne
His Kingdome to his Sonnes, that he & he,
Aboue the *Thebans* yeare about ſhould raigne,
And that his Crowne biparted ſo ſhould be,
Polinices firſt raignd, but faith we ſee,
He from the Crowne *Eteocles* debars:
Thus while they liue, they neuer can agree,
And after death, their burning bones made warrs.
My riuall foe againſt all right enioyes
That Crowne & Kingdome which pertains to me
That proud vſurper worker of my noyes,
Shall find a foe, vnto the day I die,
And were we dead, that are too long aliue,
Our Ashes in th'exequial vrne would ſtriue.

Riualem poßum non ego ferre Jonem.

At the newes of IDEAS death, Dialogue twixt the Poets Ghost and Charon.

Ghost.

COme *Charon* come: (*Ch*) Who cals?
(*Gh.*) a wandring Ghost,
By fortune led vnto the *Stygian* shore.,
(*Ch.*) What seeks thou heere? (*Gh.*) a safe transport with post,
As thou hast done to many mo before. dore,
(*C.*) Who slew thee thus? (*G.*) euen she whom I a-
Hath rould my name in scrowls of black disgrace.
(*Ch*) What made her thus into thy griefe to glore?
(*G.*) *Loue* was my foe, & chang'd in wars my peace.
(*C.*) Go then aback, this Barke shall not imbrace
The smallest one whom *Loue* at feud hath borne.
(*Gh.*) That shall I not, for lo before thy face,
I shall ou'r saile the flood and thou had'st sworne:
The Darts of *Loue* both Boat & Oares, shal bee,
Sighs shall be winds, and Teares a *Styx* to mee.

An other Dialogue to the ſame purpoſe.

Ghoſt.

COme (*Charon* come.) (*Ch.*) Who cals? (*Gh.*) a
marty rd man,
Since Fame foorthtold the faireſt faire was deid.
(*Ch.*) What ſeeks thou? (*Gh.*) Help to croce thy
waters wan,
And I will pay thee for thy paines with ſpeed.
(*Ch.*) Thou ſeems to be a quick & liuing leid,
And not a vmber, nor a palled Ghaiſt.
(*Gh.*) Feare not for that, ſince I for paſſage pleid,
But let mee haue thy helping hand with haiſt.
(*C.*) Though ſage *Æneas* did o're-ſaile my ſtreame
By *Sybils* helpe, none els muſt goe againe.
(*G.*) Then thinks thou *Charon*, to enioy my Dame
And ſtay my voyage from th' *Eleſian* plaine?
(*C.*) Yes ſurely yes. (*G*) No *Charon* thou ſhalt lie
For *Loue* hath wings, and I haue learnd to flie.

Panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces.

IDEA after long ſicknes, becommeth weil; and as he wept for her, he wiſhes compenſation of her teares in his diſtreſſe.

O Beautie doomb aſtoniſh'd Maruels chyld,
The wanton obiect of my weeping eie,
Blith was my heart before I was beguyld,
And made to beare a ſeruile yoake by thee:
But now allace, though I by birth be free,
And not a ſlaue-borne *Muſcouite* by kind,
My Sainct ſo Lords my heart, that now I ſee,
There is no manumiſsion to my mind.
Faire heauenly *Tigres*, be no more vnkind.
I wept for thee, when weerds did all conſpire
Thy wrack; O then behold how I am pind:
Weepe thou for me, thy teares may quench my fire
As I did thine, ſo meene thou my eſtate,
And be not cald the worſt of ills ingrate.

Sis ingrata licet ſi modo bella manes.

To CYNTHIA.

PRoud *Zeuxis* gaue his Pictures all for nought,
Such was the loue he to his labors bore,
That by no gold nor price they could be bought,
And thus faue thanks poore man, he gaind no more
I am as poore, and euen as proud as hee,
For Loue nor Lines I craue no price from thee.

For if thou digne but with a gracious smile,
To looke my Lines, and spie how I am pind,
And with my toyes the swift wingd time begile,
Then am I paide according to my minde.
Ioues oath was *Styx*, and *Phœbus Daphnes* haire;
But from hencefoorth I by thy smiles wil sweare.

To PANDORA.

CAnst thou haue eares, & wil not heare my plaint
Canst thou haue eies, & wil not wipe my teares
Hast thou a heart, and feeles not how I faint,
Debating twixt dispairing hops and feares?
Canst thou not see those sad and ciuill weairs
Which are within the kingdome of my heart,
Where Legions of persuing pangs appeairs,
My vtter wrake and ruine to impart?
Heere burns the fire, there sticks the deadly dart:
Here teares me droun, there smoky sighs me smore
Here Beauty wounds, there riuals runs athwart,
And ielous eyes do pry into each pore:
When al these al and thou my wrack contriues,
I can not last, and I had twentie liues.

Perfida sed duris genuit te montibus horrens,
Caucasus, hircaneq; admorunt vbera tigres.

To ERANTINA.

NO hart so hard, tho wrought of *Vulcans* steele,
Or fearcely forg'd of Adamantine stone,
That doe endure or last so long so leele,
As mine, who loues thee most vnlouing one,
Whose purpose is and plot, as I suppone,
Most cruellie her captiue thrall to kill,
Who onely liues to loue but her alone:
Though she reward my true intent with ill:
Such is my state, I but abide her will,
Shee has the fatall stick into her sleeue,
And when she list her furie to fulfill,
Althea-like she may my breath bereaue:
Nor leue vnlou'd, I rather choose to die,
Then beat the fire, and burne the fatall tree.

Nam mea crudeles tetigerunt corda sagitte,
Atq; animam petyt vulneris asperitas.

Newyeares gift to PENELOPE.

THat *Colatine* did talke in *Tarquins* tent,
His Ladie *Lucrece* was most chast most faire,
Hee afterward had reason to repent,
Shee died a deemd adultres in dispaire.
The *Lydian* King brought naked both and bare,
His wife before his friend for to be seene,
Which brought him selfe wee see into the snare,
For he was slaine, and *Giges* brookt his Queene.
Yet can not all these wracks forewarne my Muse,
To hold her peace, but prayse thee more & more:
I loue thee still, and I will not refuse,
Though small allace, be my reward therefore.
And so (faire Dame) for Newyears gift receaue
My heart thine owne, my selfe to be thy slaue.

To PENELOPE.

WHen *Alexander* did ſubdue and bring
The coaſtly Iles of *Inde* to his Empire,
Hee captiue tooke proud *Porus Indian* King,
And bid him aske what moſt he did deſire:
Nought ſaid braue *Porus* do I now require,
But that thou vſe me as a King ſhould bee,
Thou ſhalt haue friendly hoſtage to thy hyre:
And for my ſake I graunt thy ſute (ſaid hee.)
Long with my paſsions haue I borne debate,
Oft haue I fought, and now haue loſt the feeld,
It is my fortune for to be defeate.
I am thy Captiue, and faire Dame I yeeld:
As *Macedo* was to the King of *Inde*,
If not mine, yet for thy cauſe be kinde.

To LAIS.

VVHen *Dioniſe* was ſhut from Regall ſeat,
And quite depoſd from his Imperial throne
For tyrannies too tedious to repeate,
Which made oft times the *Siracuſans* grone,
When he was thus diſgrac'd, and left alone:
He could not ceaſe to play the tyrant ſtill,
He grew a pedant infants poore anone,
He taught and quhipt to exerciſe his ill.
I with my Loue haue plaid the licher long,
And ſhee the loun with many moe then mee:
This cuſtome vile, maks ſinne to ſeeme no wrong,
And she muſt turne a common Whoore I ſee,
Though both be bad, and each of both vnſure,
I rather ſerue a tyrant then a whoore.

To abſent PANDORA.

LOng ſince hath *Cynthia* ſhown her ful fac'd prid
And now compeirs with creſcent horns againe
Since at the banks of *Neptuns* flowing tide,
I tooke my leaue and ſhew how I was ſlaine:
Allace allace, they haue not wept in vaine,
Who left vs annals of eternall date,
Condemning abſence for a cruell paine,
A foe to fayth, a vntriend vnto fate:
A happy life had I in loue of late,
To ioy the ſweete fruition of thy face,
Now from thy ſight eſtranged is my ſtate.
Since all my life is darknes and diſgrace:
Yet midſt my woes I wiſh that well thou bee,
And with the winds I ſend thoſe ſighes to thee.

Nulla mihi ſine te rident loca, diſplicet aquor,
Sordet terra, leues ods cum retibus hamos.

To PENELOPE
Iecke.

VVEre I as skild in Medecine as hee,
Who did restore *Hippolits* health againe,
When he was torne with horse; then shouldst thou (see
I should prepare emplasters for thy paine:
But since I am no *Æsculap* at all,
I am thy Bondman, and thy Beadman thrall.

Phœbe fave, laus magna tibi tribuetur, in vno
Corpore servato restituisse duos.

Newyeares gift to IDEA.

THe *Locrian* King *Zaleucus* made a law,
That each adultrar both his eyes ſhould loſe,
But when his Sonne was faultie firſt he ſaw,
That ſacred Kings haue hid and ſecret foes,
Incontenent vnto the ſtage he goes,
And from his Sonne one eye, one of his owne
He cauſ'd pull out, and in the ſight of thoſe
A careſull King, a father kind was knowne.
In *Ianus* Kalends faire and louely ſweet,
Time out of minde hath been a cuſtome old,
That friends their friends with mutual gifts ſhould greet
To keep true kindnes from becõming cold.
Zaleucus-like theſe Lines are ſent by mee,
To keepe the law and kith my Loue to thee.

Da veniam merui nil ego, iuſſit amor.

To CINTHIA.

Why loues thou more (faire dame) thy Dog then
what can he do but (as the Scholer said (meet
At *Xanthus* feast) shake eares and tayle on thee?
And I can do much more to make thee glade,
With tedious toyle and longsome labour made.
Hee can perhaps bring thee thy Glone, or whyls
Thy Kirchiff when t'is either left or laide
Behind thy heeles with sweet and backast smyles:
But I, whom thou disdainefully exyles
From thy sweet bed, and thy most sweet embrace;
Which fawning Currs with filthy feet defiles,
I could doe more, but I lack leaue allace:
Fie Natures bastard, make no Dog thy Loue,
Least thou a Monster, I a Martyr proue.

To KALA.

I First receiud since did sweet Saint vnfold
Thy louely Lines, the legats of thy mind,
And did with blith & ioy-swolne breast behold
How thou continew'd constant, true, and kind.
But when I did perceiue how thou wast pind,
Pind for the absence of thy loue-sick swaine,
My toong was doomb, my silent eyes were blind,
I read and mus'd, and mus'd and read againe:
And be thou iudge (deare heart) if I was lame
When I could'd from out the Paper-whit,
That Symboll, sweete transparent pure & plaine,
Wherein some time thou didst so much delight:
Yea (wise each day (faire Mistris) will we meet,
I kis thy Symboll, and thy golden sheet.

Quis tam ad hanc vertit peregrinam litteram puppim,
Ille mihi ac te multa rogatus abit.

To KALA.

I Sweare (ſweet *Kala*) by my flames, thy eyes,
O eyes: no eyes, but rather ſtarres diuine:
Sweet *Dianean* twins into their skies,
And by thoſe kind alluring looks of thine,
I ſweare by all our teares whils thine, whil's mine,
Nor mine nor thine, but both combind in one:
By all the ſighs blowne from the ſacred ſhrine
Where *Craigs* true heart hath his heroick throne,
I ſweare by all our ſecret vow's each one,
Made in the darke, and reconfirmd by day:
By all our kiſſes when we were allone,
And all the wiſhes when I went away:
Let Weerds and Fortune do the worſt they can
I am in ſpight of *Miſes* Noſe, thy man.

To KALA.

O How I long to heare from thee againe,
And vnderſtand the tenor of thy ſtate:
Thrife hath the Moone begun to wax and wane,
With ſpheirs and horns ſince I receiu'd thy wreat:
Then giue mee leaue (ſweet Lady) to regrate,
Since thou may haue of traualing troups ſuch ſtore,
And I haue ſent ſo many lines of late,
Thou art vnkind, and woe is mee therefore:
Each one that comes from thee, or from thy ſhore,
In hope of newes, I entertaine for thee:
Each Poſt I meet, each Horne I heare, yeelds more
Harmonious ſounds, then muſicke ſweet to mee:
But when my hopes proue naught with ſory mind,
I ſigh & ſay, vnkind, vnkind, vnkind.

Tempora ſi numeres bene quæ numeramus amantes,
Non venit ante ſuam noſtra querela diem.

To CYNTHIA.

VVHen thoſe which at *Ardea* did remaine
With *Aracins* did many times contend
For Confind Lands, which neither could obtaine,
In many Battails, though much blood they ſpend,
Yet that ſometime the ſtriſe ſhould take good end
Both they and thoſe referre them ſelu's to *Rome*,
Imperious *Romans* parties both offend,
And to them ſelues the quettiond Lands aſſume.
Long warres heue been betwixt thy Maid & mee,
Yf ſhee or I my loueſicke heart ſhould haue;
Shee thinks it hers, it was once mine, and wee
To end this ſtriſe, thy ſacred ſentence craue.
Thou like theſe conquering *Romans* in this caſe
By ſpoyling both, poſſeyds my heart in peace.

Cynthia prima fuit Cynthia finis erit.

To ERANTINA.

THe ielous eyes which watch my louing Dame,
And *Argus*-like to trap mee ſtill attend,
They with my loſſe allace, but ſeeke her ſhame:
Which I beſeech thee louing Lord deſend.
O would to God my honeſt courſe were kend,
Or that my breaſt were made of Criſtall cleare,
That triall might be tane what I intend:
And my true part in preſence might appeare.
But (O allace and weladay) I feare,
Theſe iarres ſhall ſoone ingender ſuch debate,
As ſhall but doubt debarre mee from my deare,
And enterchange my wonted good eſtate.
O harmonie vnhappieſt of all,
Bad chance brings change, and change hath
tram'd my fall.

Res eſt ſollicitis plena timoris amor.

To ERANTANA.

Disordered Haires the types of my disgrace,
The testimonies of my seruile state:
Outruaile my wanne and pale disfigured face,
And let my fauour answere to my fate:
For since I am th'vnhappiest hee, I waite
That Loue, or Fortunes enuie can assaile:
What resteth then? but still for to regrate,
Since word, nor writ, nor prayers can preuaile:
And since my deare disdainfullie doth deale
With hopeles mee, who was and is her owne,
My pearsing paines shall on my visage pale,
With hoarie, rough, & crumpled skin be knowne.
And such as sees my furrowed face, shall say,
The faire Vnkind is cause of my decay.

Illa dies fatum misero mihi duxit ab illa,
Pessima mutati cepit amoris hyems.

To ERANTINA.

LOng haue I had long haires vpon my head,
Long haue I had hid harmes within my heart,
Yet none of those are powerfull for to plead
The smallest salue or softning to my smart.
Could I draw foorth the sharpe and golden dart,
Wherewith allace, I secretlie am slaine:
Or put those black vnpouled locks apart,
For which the world accompts mee to be vaine:
Could I to slit as to be fast be faine,
Or thinke that soule that I haue thought too faire,
There should no harme into my heat remaine,
Nor should my head be ouernung with haire.
Sweet, if thou louest me, powll those locks I pray
Yf not, cut life, loue, locks, and all away.

To PANDORA.

O What a world I ſuffer of extreames,
I wixt hot deſire and icie cold diſpaire!
Moſt like the ſwift impetuous tyds of Theames,
Are thoſe the ebs and flowings of my care:
I liue allace, a martire late and aire,
Coold with diſpaire, and burnd with hot deſire:
I ſee allace, and can not ſlip the ſnare,
In floods I frie, and freeze amid the fire:
In *Seſtian* ſeas to *Hero* ſweet I ſwim,
And faine would touch the fimber of her goun,
Hoyſ'd with deſire vnto the clouds I clim,
But by diſpaire *Leander*-like I drown:
My *Dolphin* deare, let not *Arion* dee,
Saue mee vnſunke, and I ſhall ſing to thee.

Quicquid conabor dicere uerſus erit.

To PANDORA.

FAire *Sicil* fertill first of Cruell Kings,
When *Dionise* did all thy state ouerthrow,
And wrought so many strange & monstrus things
And led so long a life without all law:
Sad sorrow was the *Syracusan* Song,
And all saue old *Hymera*, wish'd him dead,
Shee wish'd him weel, cause many tyrants sprong:
And were hee gone, a worser would succeed.
It is my weird, and woe is mee therefore,
To serue and loue where recompence is none.
Oft haue I chang'd, and now can change no more
For badder ay succeeds, when bad are gone.
And this sweet hart maks me thy beadman thral,
Least by thy losse, in harder haps I fall.

Quando ego non timui graviora pericula vitæ.

To PANDORA.

When *Scythian* Lords long frō their lands had bein
Their ſlaues vſurp'd their abſent Maiſters place:
both wealth & wiues they breok'd before their eine
And did the ſame ſeuen yeares poſſes in peace:
They turning home, and ſeeing ſuch diſgrace,
fought with their ſeruants for their wealth & wiues
But by the men the maiſters gat the chaſe,
And hardly ſcap'd with hazard of their liues.
Then they conſult with neither ſwords nor glaues,
Nor open warres, to make their foes to yeeld,
with whips & wands they bat their randring ſlaues
And by the change of weapons wan the feeld.
Since ſighs, nor teares, nor ditties can ſubdue thee
I muſt (faire ſweet) with *Scythian* armes perſue thee

To IDEA.

I Put my hand by hazard in the hat
Where many names did intermixtly lie,
With her and her were you and this and that,
A fortune blind, or niuie nake to trie:
And lo ſuch was my luckie lucke that I
Among ſo many, found thy Noble name,
And on my head, that thou and all may ſpie,
I well auow the wearing of the ſame:
It ſhall inferre no foyle vnto thy fame,
That thou art borne vpon ſo baſe a head:
A Begger find's a ſtone of curious frame,
And yet the ſtone remaines a ſtone indead.
So thou art thou, and of more worth to mee,
Deare Valentine, then thou waſt wont to bee.

To LITHOCARDIA.

GReat *Alexander* gaue a ſtraight command,
That euery Souldier in the Camp ſhould ſhaue
And that his face as haireles as his hand,
Both *Greeke* and *Perſian* time of warrs ſhould haue:
When Armes were put a part, he lent full leaue
To weare long beards; a ſigne of fat-fed peace:
And thus in *Greece* a ſtranger might perceiue
The Countries ſtate into the Souldiers face.
I am content that cuſtome to imbrace;
I haue no beard to ſhow my peace with thee:
But thou wilt ſay, my hairs portend diſgrace,
And diſcontent is in my downcaſt eye:
It is too true; but let me riſe or fall,
Or ſinke or ſwim, I am thy ſeruient thrall.

Addimus his precibus lachrimas quoq; verba precantis,
Perlegis, et lachrimas fingere credis meas.

To LAIS.

VVHy loue I her that loues not mee againe?
Why am I friendly to my frenmit foe?
Why doe I weare my wayting on in vaine,
In ſeruing her that hath deceiu'd mee ſo?
Why did I thus my freedome ſweet forgo,
To pleaſure her that plagu's mee with diſdaine?
Or wiſh her weel that euer wrought my woe,
And would not ſigh ſuppoſe ſhee ſaw me ſlaine:
O fooliſh I, and haples I alone.
No then, O faythleſſe and diſloyall ſhee,
Whoſe try'd vntrueth thus maks me to complaine
And wiſh before the fixed day to die:
For now tint time and trauell maks me ſure,
I playd the foole, and ſhe has playd the hoore.

Periuria videt amantium,
Iupiter et ventos irrita ferre iubet.

To LAIS.

BRaue *Troilus* the *Troian* stout and true;
As more at length in *Chauser* wee may find,
Dreamd that a faire White Bull, as did insue,
Had spoyld his Loue, and left him hurt behind.
The *Phrygian* Nymphe *Ænona* dround in drerd,
When *Paris* towards *Grece* made saile from *Troy*.
In dreames foresaw, as after did succeed,
Her Loue and foreine Ladie should enioy.
When *Hecuba* the Wisemen did imploy,
Her dreame of flaming Fire for to expone,
They shortly shew that *Paris* should destroy
And set on fire faire *Ilion* sticke and stone.
Right so might I, if weerds had not withstand,
In dolefull dreames foreseene the fall I fand.

Quid tuneam ignoro tunco tamen omnia demens.

To IDEA.

LAſt yeare I drew (faire Dame) by very chance,
Thy Noble name amongſt a number moe:
Glad was my ſoule to ſee the weirds aduance
The happy hazard of my fortune ſo:
And proud thereof, vpon my pate I plac'd thee,
With anagram's and Sonets ſweet I grac'd thee.

But now (wiſe Dame) behold a wonder ſtrange,
Which both I wiſh thee to beleeue and heare:
(I am ſo loath where once I chooſe, to change)
That in my heart thou harbours all this yeare:
Then from a Hat I drew thee err I ſaw thee,
Now from my hart it is my doome to draw thee.

Why ſhould I hazard what I haue ſo ſure,
Or ſcrape thy name into a ſcuruie Scrowle?
O thou art writ in blood's characters pure,
Within the center of my loue ſick ſoule:
Let others try a fortune blind and beare thee,
Both on my head & in my heart I'le weare thee.

To KALA.

BLind Loue (alace) and Ielosie vndoo
That constant heart which I bequeath to theet
I loue thee most, and am most ielous too,
By this I liue, by that vndone I die:
Not that I thinke a fickle change can bee,
Where vertue dwels, but that mine owne vnworth
Is worse then twentie riuall foes to mee:
My base estate these bastard thoughts brings foorth
O were my moyane equall to my minde,
Or were my wealth as great as my goodwill,
Could I commaund the costlie Iles of *Inde*,
Thou shouldst be weell, and I should feare no ill.
Then Fortune, Fates, & all yee Gods aboue,
Enlarge my luck, or els make les my loue.

Venit amor grauius quo serius vrimur intus,
Vrimur, et secum pectora vulnus habent.

To PANDORA.

WHile gathering in the Muſes garden flowrs,
I made a Nolegay, which perfum'd the aire,
Whoſe ſmell ſhall ſauour to times lateſt hours,
And ſhall for ay adorne thee cruel, faire.
I laide mee downe vpon the graſſie greene,
Where I beheld fruit's, flowr's, and hearbs anew,
Foorthſpred by *Flora* glorious Sommers Queene,
Whereon the calme and gentle *Zephir* blew:
On haughtie hils, which Giant-like did threat
To pearſe the heauens with their aſpiring head,
Grew war-like Firs, ſtrong Oaks, & Ceeders great,
Whoſe ſhaddie boughs the leau e groues ou'rſpred
Thus high and lo w I looked where I lay,
Yet neither fruite nor flower was like my *Hay*.

To KALA.

VVHen ſilent night had ſpred her pitchie vaile
On all the parts of *Veſtais* fruitfull face,
And horned *Luna* penſiue ſad and paile,
Was at thy preſence darkned with diſgrace;
Thinke (comely *Kala*) with what kind embrace
Wee ſhew the ſecrets of our ſigh-ſwolne ſoule,
How ſtrict a bond we ty'd in litle ſpace:
Which none but heau'ns haue credit to controule,
Sweet Shippardes thinke on thy Loue-ſick ſwane,
Whoſe life, whoſe all, doth on thy loue depend:
Let nought ſaue death, deuide vs two againe,
And let our loues euen with our liues take end.
And when I ceaſe for to be true to thee,
Breath vaniſh in the winds and let mee die.

Di preter hoc habeant vt euntibus ordine fatis,
Illa meos oculos comprimat, atq; ſuos.

To his Riuall and LAIS.

AS thou art now, ſo was I once in grace,
And thou waſt once diſgrac't, as now am I.
O wonderous chaunce, o cruell contrarie caſe,
O ſtrange diſcord, yet greeing harmonie.
I once was lou'd, thou loath'd; but now eſpie
How I am loath'd, and thou art lou'd alone:
In this the wheele of Fortune you may try:
I raignd, thou had no raigne; thou raignes againe,
Then happie thou, if ſo thou might remaine:
But fayth thou muſt come downe there is no dout,
And thou muſt be a partner of my paine,
The nixt muſt needs haue place his time about:
Els fortunes wheele ſhould whirle about no more
Nor *Lais* faire be fals, as of before.

Turpius eſt pulchra nam meretrice mihi!

Farewell to LAIS.

Thou fawns (faire nimph) for frindſhip at my hand
And ſayes, thou ſeeks no more of worldly bliss:
But feid forgot that friendſhip true may ſtand,
And cryes met mercie if thou made amis.
But harke my heart, and truſt mee weel in this,
I can not loue a faigned friend; no no:
Since I am ſo acquaint with *Iudas* kis,
Shape not (my ſweet) for to deceiue me ſo:
For *I* haue read in Stories old, of two,
Zethius and *Amphion* did diſcord,
Till time *Amphion* muſicke did forgo,
Which by his fellow was ſo much abhord:
Thy ſute (my ſweet) is ſeaſond with ſuch ſals,
We ſhall not friend ſo long as thou art fals.

Non amo te fateor quid enim ſimulare neceſſe eſt.

A ſparing farewell to KALA.

FOnd *Celuis* ſome time in a fooliſh vaine,
Would needs applie emplaſters to his foot,
And would as ſick men doe, ſigh, weepe, & plaine,
And make the world beleeue he had the Gout:
And by this cuſtome which he had, wee reed
Diſſembling *Celuis* tooke the Gout in deed.

How many broyls betwixt vs two haue beene,
Which I oft times of purpoſe would deuiſe,
That in that ſort our loue ſhould ſcape vnſeene,
And vndeuulged in a darke diſguiſe?
But fayth that cuſtome hath deceiu'd mee ſo,
That in effect I am thy fremcaſt foe.

When firſt our Loue was in the pleaſant prime,
Thou lou'dſt mee well, I lou'd thee well againe:
But heere behold the ſtrange effects of time,
My fire turns froſt, thy loue turns cold diſdaine:
Yet time may friend which made vs foes; til whan,
I wiſh thee weel, but am no more thy man.

N. mq; vbi non amor eſt vbi non miſcentur amoris,
Suauia nil lauti, nilq; leporis ineſt.

A wrathfull farewell to KALA.

THe whiteſt Siluer drawes the blackeſt skore,
In greeneſt Graſſe the deadly Adder lowrs,
The faireſt Sunne doth breed the ſharpeſt ſhowrs,
The fowleſt Toads haue faireſt Stons in ſtore:
So fairſ'd of Loue, and woe is mee therefore.
In greeneſt Graſſe lies hid the ſtinging Adder,
In faireſt ſhining Sunne the fowleſt wadder,
A precious Pearle plac'd in a poyſning Pore:
Shall I ſupp ſweet mixt with ſo ſowre a ſals?
Or drinke the Gall out of a Siluer pot?
Or ſhall I caſt on libertie a knot?
Als faſt, als lows; als lowſe, als faſt, ay fals:
No, I beſeech the Gods that rule aboue,
They let me neuer leue, and euer I loue.

Durius in terris nihil eſt quod viuat amante,
Nec modo ſi ſapias quod minus eſſe velis.

To PENELOPE.

VVHen *Tyndaris* was broght from *Troy* againe
and princely *Pergam* leueld with the ground
And fatted earth with *Phrygian* flesh was faine
Through shallow furrs faire fruit's for to refound,
The facund wise *Vlisses* most renound,
By fatall answers was foretold wee find,
That he should not in deadlie deep's be dround,
Although withheld with many contrar wind:
Yet that vnhappy and that bastard brat,
That Parricid which from a farre should come,
Telegonus whom he with *Circe* gat,
Should kill his father at his comming home:
Though I haue past as many storm's as hee,
The last is worst, and for thy loue I die.

Elegie to KALA.

READ this, and then no more,
this ſhalbe laſt of all,
And ſhould been firſt, if now I could,
my publiſht Rymes recall,
But they are gone abrod
vpon the winges of Fame:
Na, can the glyding Ocean waues
put bounds vnto the ſame:
The ſpacious Continent,
Nor yet the bordering mane,
Can neither hold the woes nor vowes
of my vnquiet vane.
Nor prayers, nor the prayſe
which I haue pend for thee,
Which makes me thus for to be pind,
and thee ſo proud to bee.
This then ſhall be the laſt,
ſince firſt it can not bee;
For I haue waird alreadie els
a world of words on thee:
But worlds *Democrit* ſaid,
were infinite, and ſo

Thou

Thou looks to find infinites
of worlds of words, or moe:
No no; my Poyems haue
proclaymd thy prid, my paine,
And I am wo that I haue waird
so many words in vaine.
For I haue dryd the braine
of my inuention quit,
And neither conquered my desire,
nor purchast thy delight.
Lo then how I was led
with Loue, that Lordly elff,
That bred no pleasure vnto thee,
nor profet to my selff:
But as *Phœnus* poore
for Phisick sought in vaine,
And by his foe was cur'd, when as
hee hop'd hee had been slaine.
So thy disdains haue cur'd
my hurt and vlcerd hart,
And I am weell against thy will,
but sense of old-felt smart.
To Sea with sweetest streams
flows *Hypanis* the flood,

But *Examptus* poyſning well,
maks bad which erſt was good.
And thus vnlike it ſelfe
grow's *Hypanis*: euen ſo
Thy coy diſdaine hath changd a friend,
into a fremmed ſo.
Thou ſawſt my dwining locks,
my ſcalding ſighs and ſobs:
Thou ſawſt my teareſwolne eyes were full
of liquid pearlie globs.
And yet, as *Nero* proud,
when *Rome* was burnd, did grow
As glad as at a Comick ſport,
and laugh to ſee the low.
So thou fals Tyran, thou
from turret of thy prid,
Thou ſmild at my mishaps as proud,
as braue as *Neptuns* brid.
But woorthy *Phocion*
a Captaine braue and ſtout,
For theſe vnkind *Athenians*,
fought fourtie Batels out,
And yet was ſlaine by them:
and when he died, 'tis told

Hee

Hee pray'd his Sone for to forgiue
his death, for kindnes old.
So though I be in poynt
by thy diſdaine ro die,
My heart ſhall charge my houering hand,
to write no ill of thee:
For like *Themiſtocles*,
I rather drinke the Gall,
Then fight againſt my once good friend,
though now my loue be ſmall.
Then ſometime friend, farewell;
this is my moſt reuenge,
To thinke no good, to write no ill,
but laſt of all to change.

His

His Resolution of absence and farewell to *Lithocardia.*

FAire Dame adue, for whom I dayly die,
And quicke and dead a martyr still remaine:
Now must I flit o faireſt, farre from thee,
And flie the force of vndeſeru'd diſdaine,
Since I haue weard my warbling Verſe in vaine.
O Verſe to be my ſorows children borne,
Abortiue birth brought ſoorth with too much paine
And recompenſ'd too much with too much ſcorne:
Since Lines and I and all are all forlorne,
Faire Dame receiue this laſt enforſt adew,
For I ſhall ſee, if Fates haue not forſworne,
If change of Nations natures can renew,
If tract of time, if change of ſoyle or aire,
May helpe thy Loue, or hinder my diſpaire.

Quid loquor infelix, an non per ſix a per igne,
Quo me cunq; pedes ducunt meus ægra ſequetur.

His Reconciliation to *Lithocardia* after abſence.

O *Lautia* poore was glad,
when th' *Amazon* Queene of yore,
Receiu'd a Noſegay from her hand,
ſuppoſe ſhee ſmeld no more.
Cherillus heart was hoiſ'd
to higheſt heauens hee thought,
When *Macedo* ouer lookt his Lines;
ſuppoſe hee lik'd them nought.
So, if thou take my Verſe,
a louing poore propine,
Which ouer-ſhadowed with thy ſight,
throughout the world ſhall ſhine:
If thou the ſheet receiue,
though thou vnfold no folds,
Yet ſhall thoſe hidden Lines be blith,
whilſt thou their backs beholds:
And I poore hopeles ſoule,
thy weell affected man,
Shall be as blith as *Cherill* was,
or yet *Olautia* than.

Take

Take then my faultles Sheet,
bedewd with mourning Inke,
And if thou wilt not view my Verſe,
to know the thing I thinke;
Yet ſhall the Paper ſerue
(O faire and matchles Dame)
To be a Bottom to thy Silke,
or ſafftie to thy Seame:
But leaſt my mourning Inke
like *Niobe's* blacke tears,
Should blacke thy braue *Mineruik* worke,
whilſt it thereto adhears,
Pine with thy ſnow-white hand
the Verſe before thy view,
That they may not infect nor foyle
the farſet Silks faire hew:
And thou ſhalt ſee no more
ſet downe before thy face,
For to reueale my endles woe,
but this one word *Allace*,
Allace, allace, allace,
Allace, allace againe,
Ten thouſand times allace allace,
can not expres my paine.

Allace

Allace I am thine owne,
na haue I hap to vew
Heraclits flood of change thereby,
my nature to renew.
None knew of *Hercules*
the poysoning deadly shasts,
But *Philoctetes*; none but I
complains conceals thy crasts:
Though thou hast faild to mee,
I am not false to thee:
I am thy Beadman day by day,
and bondman till I die.
And would to God thou hadst
rich *Amaltheas* horne,
To yeeld what fruites thou list, though I
liue lightlied and forlorne.
Æneas lost at *Troy*,
Creusa faire his wife
And through and with ten thousand *Greeks*
hee made a desperat strife:
And rooming vp and downe,
emboldned with dispaire,
Hee cryd aloud *Creusa* come,
but could not find her there,

And ſtill he crid, till time
her pallid ghoſt anone
Appeard, and gaue him certaine ſignes
that ſhe was dead and gone.
So ſhall thy ſoule thy Ghoſt
begin for to remoue,
And leaue to be within thy breſt,
before I leaue to loue:
And when thy Ghoſt is gone,
and paſt th'*Eliſian* lake,
No *Dido* ſhall complaine of mee,
nor ſuffer for my ſake.
If *Romans* did returne
in Armes of ſhining Steell
Our *Rubicon*, then were they deemd
foes to the common weell:
But my returns to thee,
are full of loue and peace,
As witneſſeth this iterat,
and oft ſaid word Allace.
If I haue ſaid too much,
let mee thy peace implore,
And my Epilogue with a ſigh
I ſeale and ſay no more:

Proteſting ſince thou knows
how I am tworne thine owne,
And how thy Vertues by my Verſe,
throughout the world be known:
Thou wilt haue ſome remorſe
vpon my carefull caſe,
And ler thy Courtaſies conclude,
my long long-cri'd Allace.

To LAIS.

THe faire faced Woman, and deformed Ape,
Hath Nature fram'd to want a taile wee see:
The sillie beast with her vnseemelie shape,
Seems well content and pleas'd that so should bee:
And yet the Woman striueth euen and morne,
To haue a taile and still in Naturs scorne.

But let it be (for to supplie this want)
Each discontented whore should haue one taile,
What reason is't (since Nature knew them skant)
A pockie Punck with pluralties should deale?
This then is true, which I obserue as sure,
A Beast hath more discretion, then a Whore.

Hac venit in thalamos dote superba tuos.

His constant Resolution to ERANTINA.

SHall absence long, or distance farr of place,
With lowring looks of frem'd vnfriendly foes?
Shall tract of time for les or longer space,
Haue any force to cause mee change my choyse?
No surelie no; I am not one of those:
I shall be found no falce nor flitting friend,
My loue shall last as long as life suppose,
Luck be not such as sometime I haue seen'd:
But what remead, I may not mend, but meen'd,
And with your will I hold mee well content:
Though many thwartering things haue interueend
To interturb and stay our true intent,
Yet all those iarres shall not my minde remoue
The day of death shall be the date of loue.

Dum paris anone poterit spirare relicta,
Ad fontem xanthi versa recurret aqua.

Confirmation of his loue to ERANTINA.

SHall abſence long bring change,
or make my minde to moue?
Or yet ſhall diſtaunce farre of place,
vnlock the linke of Loue?
Shall either this or that,
yon, or the other thing,
Haue force to breake the blocke we band,
before the *Paphian* King?
Thou art mine *Hero* ſtill,
and though the ſtreams be ſtark,
I through the waltering waues ſhall ſwim
to thee but Boat or Barke.
I am not *Iaſons* meat,
Medea to beguile:
My fayth is firme, this the cauſe
exponis mee exile.
Nor am I come by line
of traytor *Troians* race.
I neuer thought no not by dreame,
my *Dido* to diſgrace.

Nor am I hee who brought
the black saill for the white,
Least *Ariadne* kild his syre,
and it their wrack was white.
A *Pyramus* I am
in deed, in thought, in word,
And should (wist I thou wert not weell)
with blood imbrew my sword:
And if by Fames report
thy pains I can perceaue
As *Hemon* did, shall I gine
the Ghost abone the graue.
No that I looke to find
such friendship on thy part,
Or promis kept which ay shall be
inshrind within my hart:
Or that I greeue for grace
thy honor to degrade,
For if my Sainct be safe and sound,
how can I but be glade.
In teares as *Biblus* did,
though I consume away,
Who was huerted in a Well,
as auncient Writers say.

And

And though I be reſolued
to loue thee tearme of life,
Yet muſt I leaue thee for a while,
Vlyſſes left his wife.
My word ſhall be my word,
my kindnes ſhall be knowne,
And with my oath I will no boure,
for I am ſworne thine owne.
And for thy ſake I vow
the Pilgrems weed to weare,
And when in wildſome wayes I walke,
the Rod and Bag to beare:
And this my hoarie head
vnraſed ſhall remaine;
A tipe of my continuing trueth,
till wee two meet againe.
And ſo with heauie hart,
adue my deareſt Dame,
In happie ſtate long mayſt thou liue,
till I enuie the ſame:
And would to God thy wealth
were ſuch as I would with.
So till the Gods our meetings grant,
thy ſnowie hand I kis.

To LAIS.

IF *Rodope* the loathſome Strumpet vile,
Became to be a great *Egyptian* Queene,
Put not ſweet heart thy hop's into exile,
Good luck may light vpon a life vncleene:
Shee was a Queene, thou muſt an Emprice bee,
For thou art thriſe as great a whoore as ſhee.

Cui madidos minxit mentula multa ſinus.

His vnwilling Farewell to PENELOPE.

A Frind ſome time to *Thracian Cotys* ſend,
In ſigne of loue, a veſſell rich and rare:
But back againe before the bearer wend,
Hee brake the ſame in peeces heere and there;
Not for contempt, but to preuent my care,
I brake this gift which thou haſt brought, ſaid hee,
For if my ſeruants breake the ſame, I ſweare,
They ſhould been bate, and I incenſed bee.
I *Cotys*-like (proud Dame, to eaſe my paine,
And that thou be not forſt to heare my cries)
Muſt leaue to loue; nor ſhall my Songs againe
Thy ſurfet breed, nor come before thine eyes;
Not, that I loath, where I ſo long did loue,
Thou art vnkind, and I muſt needs remoue.

His louing farewell to PANDORA.

DEare to my ſoule once degne,
thoſe paſsions to peruſe,
The Swan-like Dir'ges and the Songs,
of this my deeing Muſe;
Which are *Minerua*-like,
by beating of my braine,
Brought foorth to ſhew the wondering world,
my long ſuppreſſed paine:
For like the doomb borne ſonne
of that rich *Lydian* King,
Now at the imminent of death,
with toong vntied I ſing.
Had *Atis*-like my foe
thy wedding day been ſlaine
By *Tydeus* fearce, then had I brook'd
faire *Iſmene* allaine.
Or had thou been a man
like her whom *Theſtne* bred,
Whom *Telethuſa* promeſt with
Iaunthe faire to wed.

Then

Then had my riuall been
as farr from thee as I,
Nor had he now, nor thou been iudge
to my complaint and cry.
As *Tantalus* did cut
poore *Pelops* corps a sunder,
And made a banquet of his Sonne,
vnto the Gods rare woonder:
Yet did they recollect
his cutted Corps againe,
And *Tantall* they condemd to die
In hunger staruing paine.
So cruell thou hes karu'd
ten thousand wayes my hart,
And thou indures obdurat still,
and senceles of my smart:
Yet will the Gods, I hope,
recure and purge my paine,
And punish all thy cruelties,
with cruelties againe.
Had I *Ixion*-like
made vaunt of *Innoes* spoyle,
With patience then I should abide
thy furie and this foyle.

But

But since it must be thus,
from *Athens* I will flie,
With wise *Demosthenes*, and then
in *Neptuns* asyll die.
Then cruell faire farewell,
I may remaine no more,
I mind before wee meet againe,
to see the *Celtik* shore.
But howsoeuer I err,
or wheresoeuer I vaig,
In weell, in wo, in want, and wealth,
thou shalt command poore *Crag:*
Yea might I make a Feast,
as did *Democrits* fire,
To all the *Persian* troups, ou'r which
great *Xerxes* bore empire.
Or were I begging bread
like *Ithak Irus* poore,
Whom proud *Ulisses* with his fist
feld dead into the floore.
Yea be I rich or poore,
or poore and rich againe,
At hazards all I am thy man,
and so shall ay remaine.

Faire

Faire Homicid farewell,
against my heart I goe,
And that al-maker knows I make
a voyage full of woe:
But euen as Aaris
with silence sweet doth slide,
And none perceiu's if vp or downe,
or whither flows the tide:
So none saue thou shall know
the caus of all my paine,
And none shall know wherefore I goe,
nor when I come againe.
And so till time wee meet,
deare heart, whom I adore:
Farewell; yet giue me leaue to sigh,
and say, Farewell once more.

To

To his PANDORA from Englaud.

NOw while amid those daintie Downs & Dales
with Shepheard Swains I sit vnknown to mee
Wee sweetly sing, and tell pastorall tales:
But my discourse and Songs-theame is of thee;
For otherwayes allace, how can it be.
Let *Venus* leaue her blest abod aboue
To tempt my Loue, yet thou sweet soule shalt see
That I thy man, and thou shalt die my loue.
No tract of time, nor sad eclipse of place,
Nor absence long, which sometime were due cures
To my disease, shall make thy slaue to cease
From seruing thee till life or breath indures:
And till wee meet, my rustick mats and I,
Through woods & plains, *Pandoras* prayse shal (cry.

To LAIS.

HArpaſte poore, was blind of either eye,
Yet would ſhee not beleeue that it was ſo
The roomes are darke wherein I dwell, ſayd ſhee,
Take mee abrod, and but a guyd I'le go:
The wiſe was led abrod into the wind,
And yet poore ſoule ſhe ſtill continued blind.

Thinks thou that change frō this to yonder place,
Can caus thy ſhame and ſcandall to decay?
No *Lais* no, I pray thee hold thy peace,
And put theſe fond opinions quite away:
For while thy life, or yet my lins endure,
The world ſhall ſay, thou art a ſhameles whore.

Famina nulla bona eſt, vel ſi bona contigit vlla,
Neſcio quo caſu res mala facta bona eſt.

His faythfull seruice to IDEA.

MY wandring Verse hath made thee known all where
Thou known by them, & they are known by mee;
Thou, they, and I, a true relation beare:
As but the one, an other can not bee;
For if it chance by thy disdane I die,
My Songs shal cease, and thou be known no more.
Thus by experience thou mayst plainly see,
I them, thou mee, and they do thee decore.
Thou art that Dame whom I shall ay adore
In spight of Fortune and the frowning Fats,
Whose shining beautie makes my Songs to sore
In *Hyperbole* lofty Reigh conceits:
Thou, they, & I throughout the world be known
They mine, thou theirs, and last I am thine own.

To my Honorable

good Lord and Maister (the true Mæcenas of my Muse) *George* Earle of *Dunbar*, Lord Barwick, high Tresurar of Scotland.

I Am (Noble Mæcenas) a spendthrift, vnwisely liberall; more prone to propine Presentes, and make fooliſh Feaſtes, then to pay my Debts: All my babling Bils are alreadie baptized, and nothing left, ſaue theſe ſubſequent Songes; which to your Honor, in all dueti full loue and deuotion, I dedicate. Philopæmen *did ſometime leaue his companie, and comming aloue to a houſe where he was expreſly looked for; his Hoſtes, who knew him not, and ſaw him ſo euill fauored a fellow, employed him to helpe her*

Maydes to draw water, and mende the fire for Philopæmen. The Gentlemen of his traine finding him buſie at worke, enquired what he did? who anſwered, I pay the forfeyture of my vnhandſomnes. I haue thought good (my Honorable good Lord and Maiſter) to giue theſe Songs the laſt place in my Booke: if any demaunde the cauſe, I anſwere with Philopæmen, For their methodles and irregular vnhandſomnes. If your Honor doe not protege and defende them, ſome Paraſiticall Abdagalis will ſeeke to kill Aſineus and his brother vnder truſt: But be you a royall and ſeconde Artabanus, who ſayd to Abdagalis, (I can not cõſent to betray a man that truſteth to my protection; and ſince he hath giuen mee his hand, I will keepe the oath I haue made to him by my Gods:) Doe herein deare Lord, as you will encourage mee hereafter to vndertake a greater taske. I haue highly (I confeſſe) abuſed both time and talent in theſe amoroſe and idle toyes. But your Honor vpon the gracious acceptaunce hereof, may haplie ere long

long see mee recouer my estate, and reedifie the decayed walles of my youth. What I haue heere set downe, is for your sollace; and so I beseech your Honor to accept from the Table of my Chamber, at your liberall charge and allowance, the. 5. day of Nouember 1606.

Your Honors owne man to the last article of expiration,

Craige.

To the Reader.

MArie of *Vitezokia* beyonde *Iordane*, flying to *Ieruſalem* when *Titus* and his *Romans* beſiedged the ſame, was enforced for hunger to kill her ſucking Sonne, and hauing eaten the one halfe, the reſt ſhee reſerued. The Enemies ſmelling the ſent of that execrable meat, threatned to kill her, vnleſſe they were ſharers with her. Then ſhee vncouered that part of her Sonne which ſhe had left vneaten. At which ſight they trembled, and horror fell vpon them. Then ſayd *Marie*, this is truely my Sonne, & my doing; eate you of it, as I haue done; be you no more effeminate then a woman, nor more merciſull then a Mother. My *Poyems* and *Verſes* are (beloued Lector) the birth of my braine, & the offspring of my ill aduentured

uentured youth. I haue these yeares bygone luxuriously feasted and surfeited hereon, and haue with the *Vitezokian* Woman, couered this part of my Child till now: I pray thee with patience, take a part with the Parent; next time (God willing) thou shalt fare better. But if any aske (how I presumed to inuite my noble Maister my Lord, my *Mecænas*, my all, to this foolish and filthie Feast of mine?) I answere: *Themistocles* was animated to noble actions by beholding *Miltiades* trophies. And *Alexander* beholding *Achilles* Tombe, did greeuously sigh with an honorable emulation. And his courteous welcomming of my vanities, will rauish braue mindes from the boundles troubles of the world, and win them to the contemplation of Vertue. And so his Honorable example in reading and respecting Learning and the Learned, shall pull downe the *Babell* of ignoraunce. I confesse (as *Plutarch*

TO THE READER.

ſpeaketh of *Ariſtophanes* Poyems) my Verſes are written for no moderat mans pleaſure: yet ſince by his Honor they are countenanced, I beſeech thee (good Reader) vſe mee kindly; and for his ſake, ſit ſtill with him, and take a part of my profane Feaſt. My Lord payeth for all, it coſts thee nought ſaue thanks.

Thine as thou behaues
thy ſelfe,

A. Craige.

ALEXIS to LESBIA.

COme be my Loue, and liue with mee,
And thou ſhalt all the ſolace ſee,
That glaſsie gulfs or earth can bring,
From *Veſta's* wealth, or *Neptunus* reigne.

For we ſhall on the Mountains go,
In ſhaddie Vmbers too and fro:
In Vallies low, and on the Bray,
And with thy feet the flowrs ſhall play.

And I ſhall make thee pleaſant Poſes,
Of Daſies Gilliflowrs and Roſes:
My Arms ſhalbe a Belt to theet
Thine if thou wilt, the like to mee.

Of *Floraes* tapeſtrie thy Gowne,
Thy Cap ſhall be my Lawrell Crowne:
Which dreſt of *Daphne's* haire ſhall ſhine,
Whyls on my head, and whyls on thine.

And

And thou vpon thy rock ſhalt reſt,
And heare the Echoes from my breſt:
For I ſhall ſing in Sonets ſhill,
the charming numbers of my quill.

Yea wee with woond'ring eyes ſhall gaze
On many ſundrie curious maze:
And view the Architecture rare,
Of rich and ſtately buddings rare.

And we ſhall looke about and ſee,
The wrack of time before our ee:
The pendul ſtones, their builders ban,
Imploring help at hand of man.

And wee ſhall ſee the Riuers rin,
With delicat and daintie din:
And how my *Douern* night and day.
With ſweet *Meawars* ſlides away.

To pay her debts vnto the Sea,
And like a wanton *Nimph* doth flie
Through blooming banks with ſmiling face
Her Lord the Ocean to imbrace.

And wee ſhall ſee the towrs of tree,
Halfe ſeeme to ſwim, and halfe to flie:
Part in the Sea, part in the Aire,
And Eag'l heere, a *Dolphin* thaire.

Wee ſhall behold *Nereid* Nymphs,
Make waters welcome from their lymps:
And euery houre into the day,
Fresh Floods and th'Ocean billowes play.

And we ſhall heare the Roches ring,
While ſtorme-preſageing *Mermayds* ſing:
And on the Rocks the law's ſhall roare,
Salut and reſalut the Shoare.

And when *Apollo* taks his reſt,
With wearie Horſes in the Weſt:
And *Cynthia* begins to ſhine,
Thy Poets *Tugar* ſhall be thine.

Then ſhalt thou ſee my homlie fare,
And what poore riches I haue thare:
And if thoſe things can moue thy mind,
Come, come, and be no more vnkind.

Liſvia

LESBIA her anſwer to ALEXIS.

IF all were thine that there I ſee,
Thou paynts to breed content to mee:
Then thoſe delights might moue my mind
To yeeld, and be no more vnkind.

Sith nought is thine that thou ſets downe,
Saue Songs, thy ſelfe, thy Belt, thy Crowne,
Thy Tugure, and thy homely fare:
And that poore wealth which thou haſt thare.

I might be compted moſt accurſt,
To dwell with thee, ſuppoſe I durſt:
And men might thinke mee more then mad,
To leaue the better for the bad.

Yet leaſt I ſhould be deemd ingrate,
To loath thee for thy poore eſtate,
Though Fortune be thy fremmit foe,
No reaſon were I ſhould be ſo.

Thy Lines allure mee to be thine,
And thou ſhalt ſee it ſoone or ſine:
The chriſtall ſtreams ſhall backward moue,
Ere I forget thy faythfull loue.

A new

A new perſwaſion to LESBIA.

ONce more I pray thee be my Loue,
Come liue with mee, and thou ſhalt proue
All pleaſures that a Poets vaine,
Can find on mould or in the maine.
Wilt thou vpon my *Parnas* walke,
And tread the Flowrs with leauie ſtalke,
Which bud on my biforked tops:
Bedew'd with ſweet *Caſtalian* drops.
On *Thithorea* wilt thou go,
Or *Hyampeus* too and fro?
Or wilt thou with *Pierid* Nimphs,
Drinke of theſe euer-flowing Limphs,
From *Hyppocrene* which diuall,
Or ſprings of *Agampe* wall?
Wilt thou repoſe thee in the ſhade,
Which Nature hath diuinely made?
Apolloes Laurell thou ſhalt ſee,
And louely *Venus* Myrtle tree,
Alcides Popler full of ſtate,
The Palme which thriues in ſpight of hate.
Mineruaes Oliue, and the Mirr,
And of great *Mars* the warlike Firr:

Which

Which Nature hath ſo well diſpoſed,
And therewithall ſuch walks incloſed,
As for rich Tapeſtrie ſhall ſerue,
From beames thy beautie to preſerue:
The Gilliflowrs and Roſes ſweet,
Shall ſtoope their tops beneath thy feet:
The Violet and Primroſe faire,
The Marigold with yellow haire:
Both Moli and the Balme ſhall ſmell,
With Miriads more then I can tell:
The louely Herald of the Spring,
The *Philomel* to thee ſhall ſing,
Both Larke and Maues ſhall abone,
Thy head their ſmall recordars roone:
I'll make thee Garlands faire of Flowrs,
With Amadriads in their bowers,
With Myrtill boughs braue to behold,
And paint their leaues with ſpangs of gold,
Which I will checker all with frets
Of prettie pinks and Violets:
And when *Apolloes* Coach agaue
Giues way vnto *Dianaes* Wane:
Thy Poet on his pyping Reed,
Thy fanſie with ſweet Songs ſhall feed.

Thon

Thou shalt want no content of mind,
Saue wealth, which seldome Poets find:
If pouertie hath power to moue,
Come, come sweet heart, and be my Loue.

A Letter to LESBIA, shewing his discontents.

OFt haue I pray'd thee be my Loue,
Come liue with mee, and thou shalt proue
All pleasures that a Poets vaine
Can find on mold, or in the mane:
Yet neither can my Loue (allace)
Nor my oblectaments haue place,
To moue thy hard and flintie hart,
Some pities portion to impart.
Displeasure maks my Muse be doomb,
And *Parnas* barren is become:
My Wels are dry, trite wayes my walks,
My Flow'rs do fade vpon their stalks:
Trees lack both leaues, and Larks to sing:
Those Fruits thy falset doth foorthbring,

Hadst

Hadſt thou not known that I was poore,
Then Luker might thy loue allure:
Why art thou of ſo churliſh kind,
To loue the moyan, not the mind?
Proud in her heart would *Phillis* bee,
To proue thy pediſeque, for mee:
Shee followeth mee, and yet I flie,
Purſew'd of her, and plagu'd of thee:
But wouldſt thou to thy ſeruile ſlaue,
Bequeath the credit which I craue?
Mute, Birds, Hils, Wels, Trees, Flowrs, & Walks,
Would ſing, flow, floriſh on their ſtalks:
And I reuiu'd by thee (faire Dame)
My wonted courage would acclame.
Then let me know thy vtter will,
Vpon this Paper good or ill:
And ſo till I the ſame receaue,
I am thy well affected ſlaue.

Sonet

Sonet to LESBIA.

TIme and my thoughts Togither spurr the Post,
For once I thought to spend my time for gaine:
Yet while I thought this thought, the time was lost
And left me there, to thinke my thought was vaine,
And while I pause the posting time to spend,
Time spends it selfe and mee: but how I muse?
The more I muse, the more I hast my end.
Thus Time doth mee, and I do Time abuse:
That Time once tint cannot returne againe.
A secret sorrow doth posses my mind,
But least the world should know why I complaine
Deare to my soule I pray thee proue more kind.
I dreame the darke, and driue in dooll the day,
Thus wast my time, and weare my selfe away.

LESBIA her anſwer.

DRiue not deare hart, in dooll the day,
Waſt not thy ſelfe nor Time away:
Doo not ſo much as dreame by night,
Vnles thy Dreames be ſhort and ſlight.
Though wauering wits in time will vaige,
Be thou thy ſelfe a conſtant *Craige*.
And for thy Loue thou bears to mee,
I am thy debtor till I die.
What I haue hight hap good or ill,
But fraud or feare I ſhall fulfill,
I am not of a churliſh kind,
To loue the moyane not the mind,
No contrar chauſe, nor fortune ſtrange,
Shall make my ſetled mind to change:
I am thine ſworne, and I ſhall ſeale
What I haue ſayd; till when fareweale,

CODRVS Complaint and Farewell to *Ralatibia*.

A Shepheard poore with ſtore of pains oppreſt
Beneath the branches of a leauie tree,
With Lute in hand deliuered his vnreſt,
When none was nie but Satyrs, Fauns, and heet
And hauing tund his baſe and treble ſtring,
Hee ſigh'd, hee ſob'd, and thus began to ſing.

Why am I baniſht from thoſe bleſſed bounds
Where I was wont with pleaſure to repaire?
What cruell doome my comfort ſo confounds,
And caſts mee in the confins of diſpaire?
What haue I done, ſayd, thought (allace the while)
that can procure proſcription and exile?

I am condem'd, and no inditment heard:
There is no grace nor mercie in her eyes.
I plead for peace, and preſence is debard:
I loue, ſhe loath's; I follow, and ſhe flies:
All modeſt means that may be, I haue vſ'd,
My Songs, my ſelfe, my friends, are all refuſ'd.

Why, was I borne to be the poynt of paine,
The scorne of Time, the obloquie of Fame?
My tellow Shepheards frollicke ouer the plaine,
They feed their flocks, & court the countrie Dame
On Holidayes their Sonets sweet thy sing,
And to their Loues their best oblations bring.

But I exild from *Kalatibia's* eyes
By her decret, whom I shall ay adore:
Must sacrifice, sigh, tears, plaints, grons, and cryes:
But all in vaine, and woe is mee therefore:
I long, I loue, I fry, I freeze, I pine,
No punishment can be compard to mine.

Allace, allace, my flocks both starue and stray,
quit macerat to want their maisters eye:
Which with *Luciscais* harmles Barke would stay,
And turne againe from neighbour corns to mee:
My litle Lambs, my faire and fertill Ewes,
With sad reports their plaints for mee renewes.

What madnes mooues remorsles faire, thy miud,
Since neither plaints nor prayers can haue place?
Hast thou concluded still to kythe vnkind,

And

And day by day delight in my disgrace?
O bee it so! if needs it must be so,
For I am armd for euerie kind of woe.

Since I am thus proscrib'd, I pray thee take
(Faire *Kalutbia*) this inforc'd fareweale.
Since Fortune, Loue, and weerds, auow my wrake,
To whom shall I (despised soule) appeale?
O loue no more, nor leue no more a thrall,
Die *Codrus* die, end loue and life and all.

But Pusillanyme poore and hartles man,
Why wouldst thou die to please so proud a Dame?
Though thou be banisht for a while, what than,
Shee's not so cruell but shee may reclame?
Yet flie, be gone; let good or bad befall thee.
And care no more, suppose she neuer recall thee

And thus poore soule, from out the Groue he goes,
And leaues (allace) both Lines and Lute behind:
Which I (the true Secretar to his woes,
And fellow of his fortuns) did foorth find:
And for his sake I sigh, sing, say, & show them
that cruel she, whō they concern may know thē.

CODRVS his reconciliation to his heart, after he hath abiured KALATIEIA.

POore wandring hart, which like the prodig child
From reasons rule hath run so long astray,
Misled by *Loue*, with fancies fond beguild:
And now returned with torne and rent array,
my halfe and better part since thou art come,
with true remorse most kindly welcome home.

Luciuious looks of life bewitching eye,
Inconstant oath's of most vnsetled mind,
You fals inflections of a *Iudas* knee,
You worthles vowes which vanish with the wind,
Dispatch your selfe, and let mee liue in peace,
Within my hart thou haue no dwelling place.

Come sit thee downe (deare hart) wee'l haue a feast
My fond Conceits I for a Calfe will kill:
I am thy Oast, and thou shalt be my guest,
Repenting Teares will furnish Wine at will:
Our Musick Sighs: and if I were more able,
Fayth thou should find a banquet for thy table.

with

With hartie draughts will wee to drinke begin,
Vnto the brim let reaſonn fill each bowll:
I'll lock the gate, and *Loue* ſhall not looke in,
That our contract may knit without controull,
In ſureſt ſort let vs betroth our ſelfe,
And band gainſt Beautie, and the blinded elfe.

Sigh ſorie hart, and I will weepe with thee,
Let no eclipſe diuide vs two againe:
Let Reaſon henceforth guyd and ruler bee,
And waſt no more the ſwift winged Time in vaine
And while my teares can intertaine thy feaſt,
Repenting heart thou art a pleaſing Ghueſt.

Now ſetlet heart ſecure and free from feare,
Though all the earth ſhould ſinke in ſeas of Loue,
Fleet in the Arke, ſit ſtill in Reaſons chare,
And to the world giue verdits from aboue,
The life of Wiſedome in Experience lies:
Then let thine owne misfortuns mak thee wiſe.

Fœmineos poſt hac diſce cauere dolos.

FINIS.

To the Author.

Loue now resolu'd to work so rare a wonder,
As to make *Rocks* bereauers, Stones a Streame,
Straight to a *Craig* of *Caledon* hee came:
Whose yet vndaunted prid hee gan to ponder.
Haue I (laid hee) the Earth's deepe Center vnder,
Made *Phlegeton* his floods to feare my flame?
Did I the mightie Trident bearer tame,
And threatned roo, the thrower of the thunder?
And shall one onely *Craig* withstand my dart,
With that his Arrow to his eare he drew,
which through the yeelding air loud whistling flew
And turnd his hardnes to a humaue Hart:
From out whose wound, witnes you Nymph's but naames
Great Floods gush out of sweet Castalian streames.

I. M.

Cragio suo.

INgenij si verna seges primoribus annis,
in tam laudandum luxuriauit opus:
Quos fructus sperare iubes cum fortibus annis,
Iudicij accedit lima seuera tui.

Robertus Aytonus.

De Alexandro Rupæo populari, familiari et amico suo qui supra plebem vulgus et populum.

THreicij quisquis credit modulamine vatis
saxa, feras, scopulos resiliysse locis:
Orphea crediderit rediuiuum carmine Rupis
Arctoæ tumulo resiliysse suo.

Arthurus Gordonus.